THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JANUARY 11, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Editor's Column

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One Year Later

Towards the close of last winter there appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST an article that concluded with the following forecast:

> The conditions that made the people of New York turn to Hughes are national, as well as local. He knows that. So do many others who are watching his career with a speculative eye as to the Republican National Convention that will meet in the early summer in 1908.
>
> It cannot be said, justly, that Hughes is using his office with a Presidential nomination in view, but it can be said that he is not doing anything to make such a nomination impossible.
>
> He has laid down lines that will bring to him increasing admiration from the people of the country, as well as from the people of New York.
>
> Whether he is a factor in the next Presidential contest rests largely with himself. If he goes ahead the way he has started he will attract much attention.
>
> Governor Hughes is plainly a potential President.

The prophecy has largely been fulfilled. It therefore seems quite apropos to review, at this time, the year's accomplishments of a man who has done, every day, a full day's work for the people; who has kept the politicians guessing; and who is not mentioned in the "also ran" class, in circles where Presidential possibilities are being discussed.

Our readers will be interested, we think, in an article on Governor Hughes in next week's issue.

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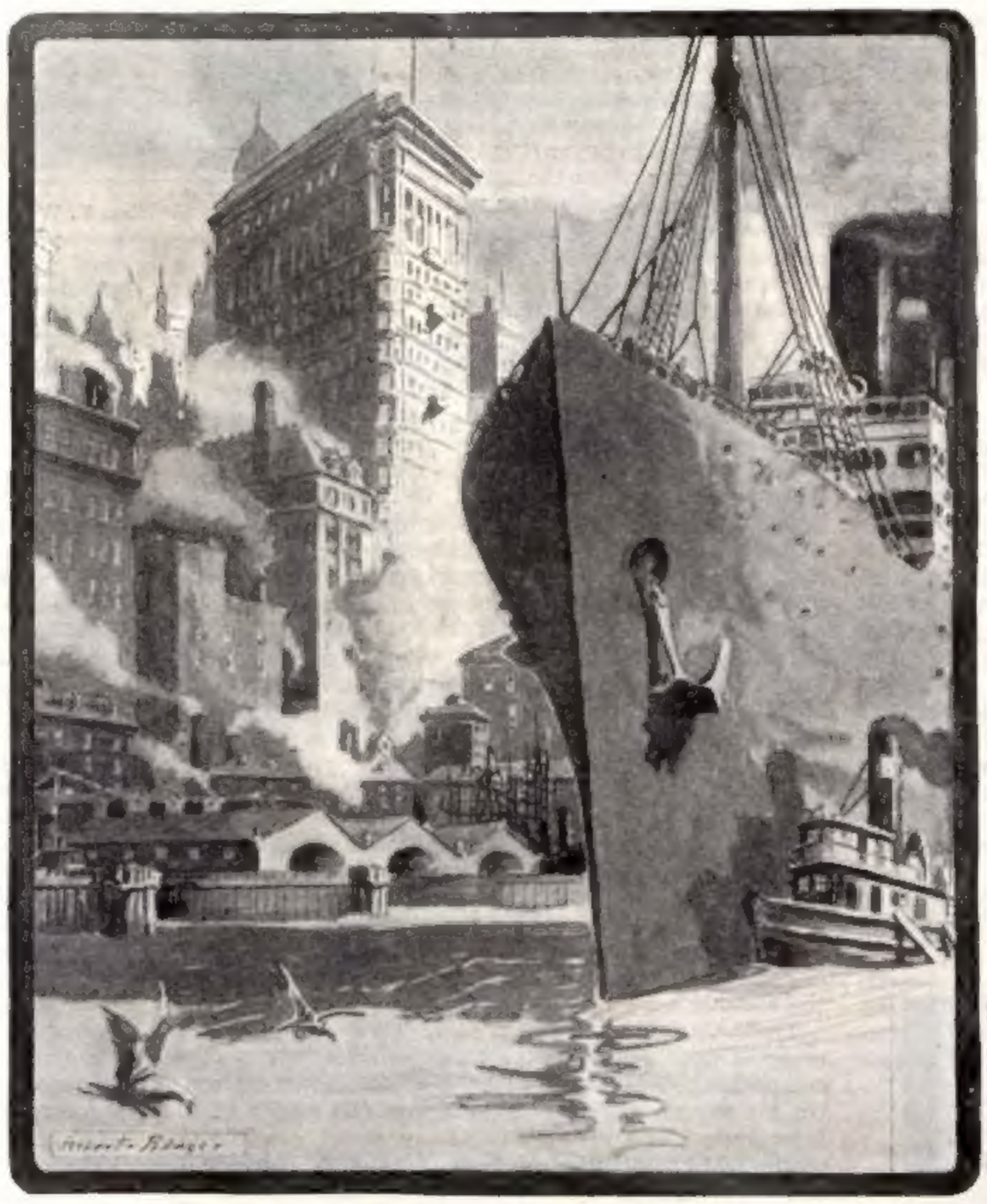
A CURB ON CORPORATION ABUSES—By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PULLINGER



How New York is Solving a National Problem With Her New Commission

TWO men shivered in the cold on a windy corner in New York City one day last December. Not a street car had passed in ten minutes. Finally one of them said:

"I'll report this to the Public Service Commission and get some satisfaction."

"Yes, I would," replied his companion. "They tested my gas meter and now my bills are cheaper."

This conversation is typical of the feeling to-day of a great many people in New York State, where, under the auspices of the Public Service Commission, a work has begun which has value and significance for the citizens of every other State, because it aims, in a sane and constructive way, at the regulation and control of the corporations that serve the people.

In New York State, as in every other commonwealth, there has been abuse of corporate power. But in New York there was more of it, for the reason that within its confines are the camps of the captains of capital, and because, too, in New York City are the strongholds of speculative interests, among whose weapons are the franchises and securities of the public service corporations. Three bodies administered, or were supposed to administer, to the rights of the people with regard to these corporations. They were: the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, which had power to recommend, but not to order, changes in rates and service, and, like all other similar organizations, existed merely as so much political "spoils" for faithful workers in whichever party happened to be dominant; the Commission of Gas and Electricity, which had powers to regulate the gas and electric lighting companies; and the Rapid Transit Commission, whose activities were confined to New York City, and whose work was to build subways and deal generally with the traffic problems of the greater city.

All of these boards failed in their mission. Transportation facilities continued inadequate; the public service corporations, and especially the transit companies, were bloated with watered capitalization, for which the people were paying; everywhere the citizens were reaping the harvest of bad service that their reckless bestowal of franchises and privileges without restriction had brought about.

Then Charles E. Hughes stepped out of the host of little-known New York lawyers and became corporate inquisitor. He conducted the legislative investigation into gas conditions in New York, which resulted in the bill for "eighty-cent gas" for the people; he stirred up the insurance scandal and shook a corrupt autocracy to its fall. This silent, bearded man, who spoke only when he really had something to ask or say, made his way to a natural leadership of the people in the struggle for their rights with the corporations. On this platform the people elected him Governor. Throughout the campaign he had promised that, if elected, he would try to bring about some definite supervision of those public service corporations which were fattening at the expense and the hardship of the people.

One night, after his election, Mr. Hughes crossed the Brooklyn Bridge during the "rush" hour, when a quarter of a million people are using that same highway in a wild hurry to get home. He was jostled, pushed and bruised at every turn. When he got to the Brooklyn side he met some friends by appointment and went to the home of one of them. They were daily sufferers from the ordeal through which he had just passed.

"What have you to suggest?" asked Mr. Hughes.

Everybody had a remedy. Through it all the Governor-elect sat still. Occasionally he would nod his head in assent. At midnight he left. He said nothing until, as Governor, he sent his first message to the Legislature. In that document he advocated the abolishment of the three boards then in existence and the substitution of a Public Service Commission, which should not only inherit their powers, but also have a good many more. A bill embodying these suggestions was drawn up and whipped into shape by the Governor himself. When presented for passage it was a sort of Magna Charta for the people of New York State. For months the corporations battered that bill. By every pretext they sought to make it vulnerable. Among other things, they tried to have incorporated into it a "court review"—a measure which had drawn the fangs out of more than one anti-corporation bill. If adopted, this review would have enabled the corporations to tie up all the actions of the commission in court.

But the sentiment of the people was with the bill. They were tired of being herded in foul-smelling cars, of being trampled in bridge crushes, of excessive gas and electricity bills, of bad train service and discrimination in freight rates. The bill became a law, and, on July 1, last, the Public Service Commission was a reality.

By the provisions of the bill there were two commissions; one for the first district, which comprises the boroughs making up the city of Greater New York, and the other for the second district, which includes the rest of the State. In the appointment of the commissions, Governor Hughes disregarded political alliances and selected men, not on what they were reputed to be, but because they were willing to try to make a reputation in the public work to which they were assigned. For the first district he appointed William R. Willcox, chairman; William McCarroll, Edward M. Bassett, Milo R. Maltbie and John E. Eustis. For the second district he named F. W. Stevens, chairman; Charles H. Keep, Thomas M. Osborne, Martin S. Decker and James E. Sague. In each board there were men who had had ample experience in law, business and transportation.

While each commission had its individual problems, as will be seen later, they worked under the same law and had the same authority.

The powers and duties of the commission, summed up, were these:

1. The regulation and control of all common carriers, gas and electric lighting companies and express companies doing business in New York State.

2. Fixing rates for the transportation of freight and passengers, and for gas and electric service.

3. The safeguarding of public life and limb, and the protection of public interests, in the operation of all public service corporations.

4. The prevention of unlawful mergers of corporations at the expense of the people.

5. The supervision of traffic and the laying out and building of new transit facilities in New York City.

6. The investigation and regulation of all new securities (stocks and bonds) issued by public service corporations and railroads.

The powers reposed in these commissions are larger and more drastic than those vested in any other similar body ever created. Their decisions are final, and there are no court appeals unless there has been a confiscation of property. Therefore, when the commissioners took the oath of office, the most significant step, so far, in regulating public service corporations and safeguarding the rights of the people had been made.

How the Commissions Work

THE headquarters of the first district are in New York City, and those of the second district are in the State Capitol at Albany. Large problems faced them at the start. There was no precedent, yet each commission took over big work. In the case of the first district the inheritance included the completion of a ten-million-dollar tunnel under the East River, and connecting the New York subway with Brooklyn, the Brooklyn Bridge crush, which had defied the Rapid Transit Commission, and the inspection of gas meters.

The second district took over the entire supervision of the steam railroads of the State and all public service corporations outside of New York City, with the many ramifications of tariffs, accidents, rates and service.

By the provisions of the Public Service Act the offices of the commissions must be open every day, including Sunday, from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night. This rule was laid down early, "Public office must have publicity." Therefore, every proceeding and every record is open to the people.

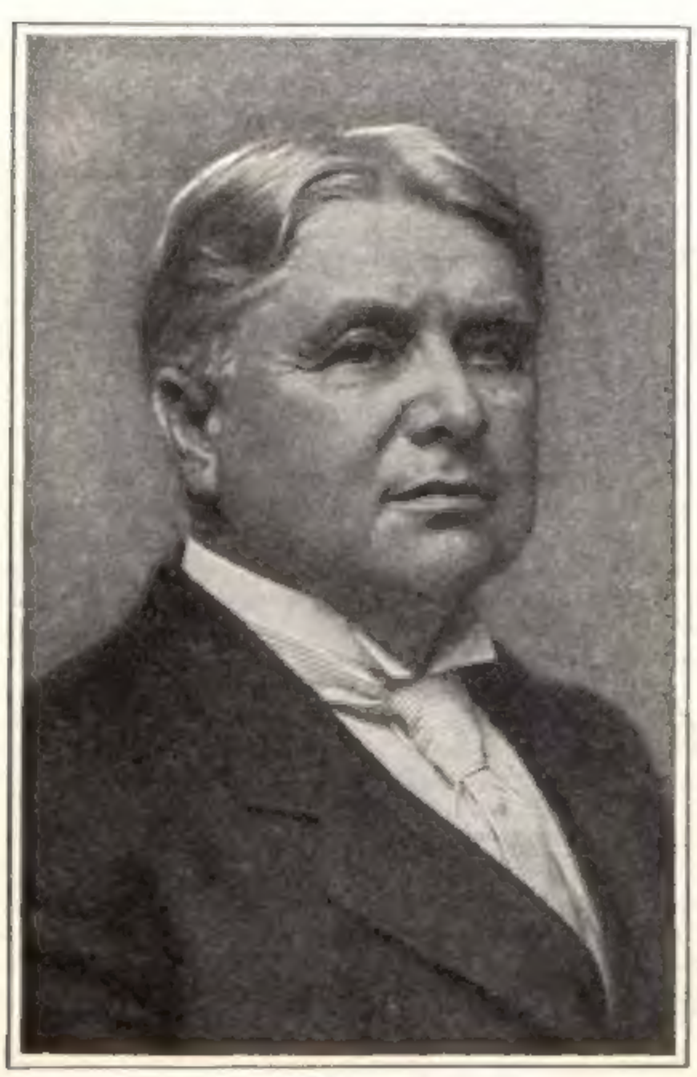
There are two ways of reaching the evils that exist: one by means of complaints about them, and the other by taking the initiative and making an investigation. In order to conduct its work, each commission organized bureaus of traffic and of gas and electricity, and, in the case of the first district, bureaus of engineering and construction also.

Complaints are disposed of in two ways, by means of correspondence with the corporations, or by public inquiry and hearing. In many cases correspondence is effective. But, if not, the commission constitutes itself counsel for the complainant, works up the case for him, just as if he were a private client, and then conducts the hearing. Here are examples of both ways:

A citizen of Harlem in New York complained, by mail, to the commission that the New York Central Railroad freight trains frequently blocked the crossing at his corner for an hour at a time. The commission sent a copy of the complaint to the railroad, asking it to show cause why the nuisance should not be abated. At the same time a letter was sent to the citizen saying that his grievance had been brought to the notice of the company, and concluding: "If the answer, when received, does not, in your opinion, satisfactorily explain the complaint, please notify this commission in writing within ten days thereafter, stating clearly wherein you take exception to the answer filed by the company. If no reply is received from you it will be assumed that you deem the answer satisfactory and the matter will be closed." In three days the complainant wrote that the blocks at the crossing had ceased. This case is typical of many.

The people of Staten Island, which is part of New York City, complained that the transit facilities were inadequate. The commission personally went all over the island and inspected the service. Then it ordered its engineers to make a physical inspection of the cars and the wires. These engineers reported that both cars and wiring were defective. The company was invited to defend itself at a public hearing. Of course it denied that its equipment was bad, and it sought to discredit the expert testimony of the commission's engineers. The result was an order by the commission for a rehabilitation of the equipment and an increase in the service for the citizens.

In this case, as in all others where there is a public hearing, the corporations are permitted to be represented by counsel. The testimony of witnesses is heard and it is just like a court.



F. W. Stevens
Chairman Public Service Commission, Second District, New York

The Inter-Met Investigation

WHEN the commission for the first district began to make demands on the transit companies for new cars and increased service it was met by this statement:

"We cannot make these improvements because we have no money."

"But where is your enormous capitalization?" asked the commission. The companies could not answer.

Then Chairman Willcox said: "We can make no progress until we know the financial condition of these companies. We must get at the bottom of things." On his motion the investigation into the affairs of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, which controls the entire transit facilities of New York City (outside of Brooklyn) was made. Such rottenness was stirred up that even Wall Street, which is accustomed to bad smells, sat up dazed. The net revelations of that investigation, which was conducted by Mr. William M. Ivins as special counsel, and before the commission in public sessions, were these:

Enormous overcapitalization, for which the public was paying.

Payment to magnates for dummy companies.

Failure on the part of the companies to make intelligent effort to abolish "strap-hanging." (In fact, strap-hanging had been capitalized.)

The employment of lobbyists to create public sentiment against rival magnates.

Agreements between the various transit companies to bolster up the stock market so as to float their stock.

The payment of fifty thousand dollars a year to John B. McDonald not to build subways for rival interests.

In short, it developed that so much of the company's money was being diverted to pay for watered stock, for political and other wrongful uses, and for the private pockets of the promoters, that there were no funds left for improvements. One immediate result was the appointment of receivers for the New York City Railway Company and the Metropolitan Railway Company, which means a financial reorganization and the use of receipts for legitimate purposes.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company was also investigated, but it fared better than its Manhattan contemporary. It was shown, however, that thousands of dollars

William R. Willcox
Chairman Public Service Commission, Eighteenth District, New York

were paid out each year for political assessments by both parties. The company had even given twenty thousand dollars to a college "at the request of a well-known politician."

Significant of the result of the Brooklyn investigation was the remark of one of the principal officers of the company, who said:

"It is a good thing. We won't have any more political blackmailing."

The commission has been able to ascertain the exact relations that the companies bear to each other, and, what is more important, how much improvement they can stand for. Incidentally, profits will go to stockholders.

Since one of the largest functions of a public service corporation is to transport people, the Public Service Commission set about making that service as effective as possible. In no place was there a larger field for operation than in New York City, where the biggest traffic problem in the world is presented.

To get some idea of that problem it may be stated that altogether twenty-four hundred thousand people use the elevated, surface and subway lines in New York every day. This is considerably more than the total number of passengers carried on all the steam railroads of the United States in a single day.

Before any improvements were ordered the traffic bureau made a study of the field. Whenever a complaint about bad service or a block in traffic came in, inspectors from the bureau went out to investigate. Here is a concrete example, which will also serve to show how the work is done:

There were many complaints of inadequate service on the electric line from Brooklyn to Brighton Beach. To make an investigation of the road with the knowledge of the company would be to defeat its very purpose. So the inspectors hired rooms along the line, from which observations of the trains could be made. They made records of the number of cars in each train, the number of people sitting and standing. In addition, inspectors in plain clothes traveled up and down the line. Thus the observations were made without detection by the company. As a result, the service on this line was ordered increased twenty per cent.

In the case of the Broadway surface lines in New York the inspectors were stationed on street corners. Each man carried a pad small enough to fit into the palm of his hand. He could make notes without attracting attention.

The case of the subway investigation is typical of the thoroughness of the work. This was made in answer to scores of complaints about bad service and the crowding at the express stations during the rush hours. This inspection lasted a week. The inspectors secured data about every train operated for a period of twenty-four hours; the number of cars in each train, the number of passengers standing at all hours of the day and night. Blue prints were prepared showing the result. In this way the commission found out just how many more cars were needed. The result is an increase of twenty per cent. in the express service during the rush hours. The same increase has been made on the elevated lines too.

Every Surface Car Defective

THE surface lines came next. So many complaints had been made about bad cars that the commission detailed a large staff of engineers to inspect every car in service. These engineers not only examined every car, inside and out, but inspected the car barns and the repair facilities as well. Their official report stated that every car in use on the surface routes was defective in some way, and, in many respects, a menace to the safety of the traveling public. The commission then issued a sweeping order for the overhauling of all of these cars. It was set forth that much of the inadequate service was due to the poor quality of the equipment.

Increases of cars have been secured on the Madison Avenue and Fourth Avenue lines; on the surface lines in

the Bronx (where the cars have been compelled to run to the city limits); on the Williamsburg Bridge lines; on the Brooklyn elevated lines, and on many others. In addition, new stations, stairways, shelters, have been ordered in a score of places. More than a hundred complaints of individuals about slow schedules, lack of transfers, incivility on the part of employees, have been remedied.

Closely allied with the traffic problem of Greater New York is its most spectacular adjunct, the Brooklyn Bridge "crush." During the rush hours the Manhattan terminal of the famous bridge is the scene of a human maëlstrom in which life is endangered. This is due to the fact that every day four hundred and twenty-six thousand people cross the bridge which is the chief avenue of approach to New York from Brooklyn.

The Public Service Commission has begun a systematic, constructive work leading to a solution of this bridge problem. The big end to be attained is to divert as quickly and as early as possible a large part of the crowds that now cross the bridge. The plan is to utilize the new Williamsburg bridge and two other bridges, the Manhattan and the Blackwell's Island bridges, now building. A subway is being built to connect all these bridges. When completed it will take away a great mass of people from the Brooklyn Bridge.

But, meanwhile, agencies are at work which are helping to relieve the congestion. Under the direction of the commission the tunnel to Brooklyn under the East River, and which connects the New York subway with Brooklyn, has been completed and is ready for service. This will take forty thousand people an hour from the bridge rush and will land passengers from New York in the heart of Brooklyn.

The commission is basing its bridge work on careful investigations made by its traffic inspectors. It has already succeeded in establishing reforms which have aided in moving traffic. Among other things it found that many of the breakdowns in rush hours, which caused long and exasperating blocks, were due to bad equipment of cars. These have been ordered renewed. It was also learned that the bridge officials permitted heavily-laden trucks, drawn by tired horses, to be sent across the bridge in the evening just when the crowds started over. Often these trucks broke down, or the horses were unable to move them up a grade. The service of trolley cars was enlisted to help push them along. This, too, impeded traffic, and it has been cut out.

Good Traffic Work at Buffalo

THE relief measures apply to the patrons of steam railroads as well. Under the direction of the commission for the second district a revolution has been wrought in traffic conditions at Buffalo.

Buffalo is the gateway for an immense traffic. The lake fleets bring vast quantities of ore, grain and lumber, to be reshipped to the great ports of the Eastern coast. In the fall especially the torrent of grain from the Northwest pours through her. This grain comes almost all at once; it is a large and profitable part of the railroad traffic. For this reason it has been the custom of the railroads to subordinate all other freight movements to the shipment of grain. This has caused, each year, a shortage of cars, and a consequent interference with business all over the State. The Railroad Commissioners never seemed able to afford relief.

But with the Public Service Commission it was different. It sent its chief of traffic to Buffalo to make an investigation. Then the commissioners themselves traveled to the scene, went over the ground and ordered a public hearing, at which both sides stated their cases. An increase in car service was ordered. The result was that last fall the movement of all kinds of freight out of Buffalo, instead of being ten per cent., as had been the case for years, was, practically, one hundred per cent. In other words, all of it was being handled without delay.

While the commission was at Buffalo it disposed of another problem that disturbed business men there. For years the railroads had put the transfer of cars from yards to mills under the head of switching, and had charged a switching rate for it. Suddenly, last year, these rates were increased to a degree considered excessive by the manufacturers. In some cases the rate was jumped from three dollars to ten dollars a car, while in others the raise was as much as from three dollars to twenty dollars a car. The new rate averaged fifty cents a ton. After the commission had held a public hearing and heard both sides it decided that twenty-five cents a ton was ample, and it was so ordered. The reduction was satisfactory to the Buffalo business men.

As an additional safeguard to the shipper the Public Service Commission keeps on file at Albany the tariffs of every railroad doing business in the State. These are open to every one using the lines. No railroad can make a change in its freight tariff without first notifying and securing the approval of the commission, and after posting the notice of the change in a public place for thirty days.

Part of the duty of the Public Service Commission is to safeguard as far as possible the people using the public service corporations or their products. For this purpose an elaborate and comprehensive system of reporting and tabulating accidents has been created.

Connected with each commission is an accident bureau. Let us take that of the first district. In its office a clerk sits at the telephone day and night. Every transit company and gas and electric lighting company is ordered to notify the commission by telephone of any serious accident within ten minutes after it happens. The record is immediately put down on a card and an inspector is sent to the scene to make an investigation. In addition, the company is required to send in a complete report of the accident within three days. The same rule holds good with the steam railroads, which are compelled to notify the commission at Albany by wire or long-distance telephone. That a check be kept on accidents each commission receives newspaper clippings of all accidents, which are compared with the reports sent by the corporations.

An illustration of the rapidity with which the commission investigates accidents was afforded in New York City in October. At 11:10 o'clock in the morning of one day there was a collision on the "elevated" railroad at Herald Square. At 11:20 the company had telephoned the news of it to the commission. At 11:50 two inspectors were on the scene with a photographer, who made pictures of the wrecked cars. By three o'clock in the afternoon the reports of the inspectors and the finished photographic prints were ready.

Photographs are made of all wrecks. These may show defective equipment or faulty car construction. This evidence is of service to the commission in demanding new and better equipment.

Greater safety in passenger trains is being secured. The commission for the second district early took the stand that merely tapping the wheels of cars at stations did not mean an inspection. One step toward the prevention of railroad accidents has been the steady refusal to permit grade crossings. Another is an order not to permit the companies to send out a passenger car just as soon as it has come in from a trip, but to have a careful inspection of it before it goes out again.

In each commission there has been created what is known as a Committee on Safety Devices and Accident Prevention Measures. These committees will carefully digest the great mass of accident information which is being secured, and make such practical suggestions as will look to a remedying of the evil and prevent the unnecessary killing and maiming of thousands of people every year. The wide publicity given to accidents and the fact that they are being carefully watched by the Public Service Commission have already resulted in the exercise of greater caution and care on the part of railroad employees throughout the State.

Perhaps no activity of the Public Service Commission touches so intimately the great mass of the people as the official inspection of gas meters. Here is a work that not only involves the conserving of the pennies of the poor, but the dollars of the rich.

For years the inspection of gas meters in New York State was almost a formality. In fact, it was not a real inspection. It was the practice of the State Inspector of Meters to select ten or fifteen meters out of a lot of a thousand, examine these and then issue seals for the entire thousand. If any of these meters happened to be defective the consumer had to pay, often an excessive charge.

Spotting Crooked Gas Meters

BUT that sort of thing does not go now. Each commission has a bureau of gas and electricity, with a staff of inspectors, whose duty it is to inspect *every* meter that goes into service. What is more significant, every person in the State can have his meter, whether it be gas or electric, tested by the commission. If it is found that the meter is defective the gas company pays the fee, which is seldom over fifty cents. If the meter is accurate the consumer pays.

Every meter installed must bear the seal of the commission. In New York City during the first four months of the work ninety-nine thousand meters were inspected and tested.

The records of meter testing in New York City show some impressive results. In three months thirteen hundred and thirty-four complaints were received. In one month alone two hundred and twenty-eight out of two hundred and forty-eight meters tested were found to be defective—that is, did not register the actual amount of gas used by the consumer. In most cases the flow was "fast," which means that the consumer was paying for gas that he was not using.

Heretofore it has been the practice of the gas companies, especially in New York City, to take out a gas meter as soon as a dispute arose over charges or service. This invariably left the consumer without gas, often entailing much inconvenience and hardship. Under the supervision of the Public Service regulations the company cannot discontinue the service pending the settlement of a dispute. The meter in question is sealed, taken out by a Public Service inspector and tested. Meanwhile the company must put in a new meter so that the service may continue without interruption.

The commission has the right to pass on the price of gas. An official investigation of any company will be made on application by one hundred consumers of its product.

The people all over the State are responding to the opportunity to state their grievances against the corporations. A man in Buffalo protested against the noise made by a locomotive

(Concluded on Page 30)

HEIMWEH

By LOUISE PALEY

O, glory of the Eastern land!
  O, glory of the West!
Thy sunset skies and golden days
  Are those my heart loves best.

The stars that shine o'er Eastern snows,
  Flash there o'er peak and pine,
And skies, soft gray in Eastern lands,
  Are radiance in thine.

The air is damp and salt and strong,
  From off the Eastern sea;
Across the mountains and the plains,
  The West wind calls to me.

The Eastern sounds ring in my ears,
  Tears dim my eyes and blur—
I only see a dusty trail,
  And hear a clanking spur.

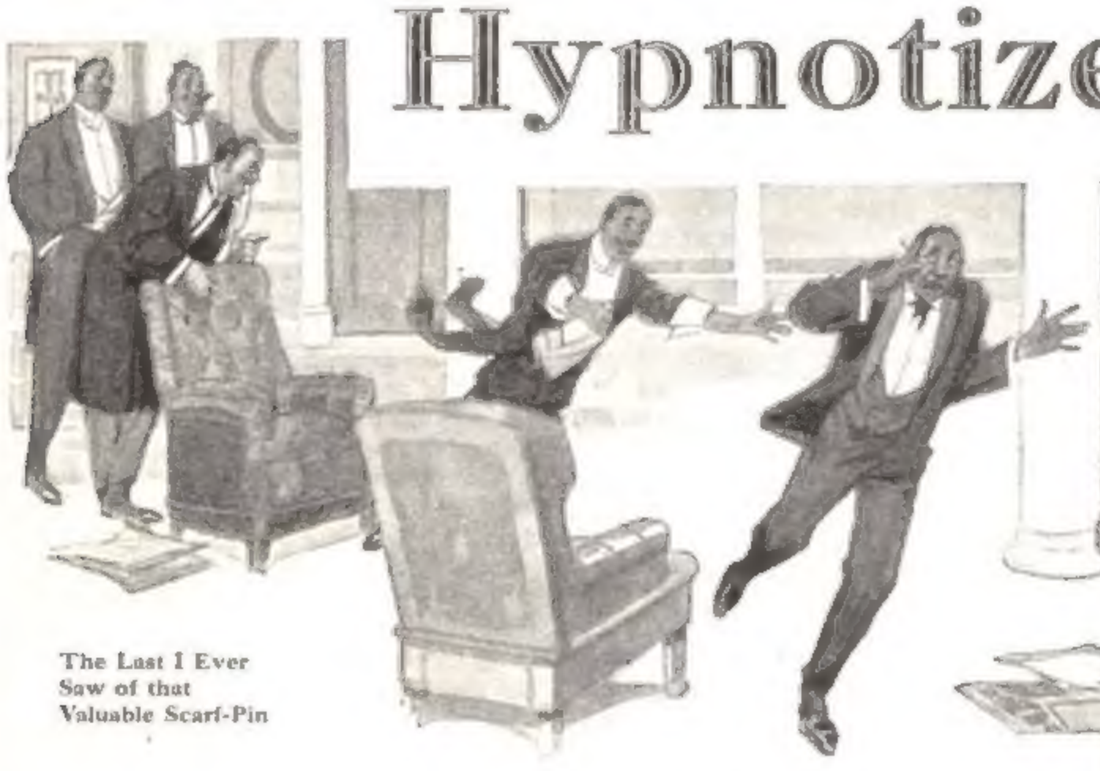
I only know that far away
  Above a sunny plain,
The mountains keep the faith with me,
  That I'll come home again.

PAINTED BY ROBERT L. PALEY

Hypnotism That Did Not Hypnotize

BY

William Lee Howard, M.D.



The Last I Ever Saw of that Valuable Scarf-Pin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN I was an interne at one of the large hospitals I received a lasting setback to my advocacy of treatment of certain forms of nervous troubles by hypnotic suggestion.

I was well laughed down and for a time discredited for being overenthusiastic; but at that time few of the powers that were in medicine in this country had given serious thoughts to the psychic side of medicine—to that force which makes for morality or crime according to the brain stability of the individual. It must be constantly borne in mind that in man and woman the psychic side of life is the controlling one.

A few men who made a specialty of nervous diseases and who had attended the large European clinics readily recognized the force for curative treatment in certain cases that we have in hypnotic suggestion. The reason so few realized the verity of hypnotic phenomena was because the majority of students turned to surgery, pathology, bacteriology and diseases incidental to infancy and womanhood. Such men see merely the objective side of life. Frequently a surgeon will see only the part upon which he is to operate, the individuals being scarcely known to him. The laboratory men seldom have opportunities to study man in the moving, exciting life of psychic activity.

"I So Much Crave the Affections of a Man"

The specialist in nervous diseases sees first and ever the individual. It is the man, his history, his ideas and actions, with which the nervous specialist—the man constantly confronted with morbid mental conditions—becomes thoroughly *en rapport*.

Under these conditions I soon learned to confine my conversation and the results of experiments to a very few enlightened fellow-workers. I did not mind the smiles of doubt nor the patronizing shrug which meant, "Oh, you'll soon grow out of it," for I knew that many of my results were good, and in certain cases I had convinced myself of the value of hypnotic suggestion. I simply waited an opportunity to prove my facts; to get a good, complete subject with which to demonstrate the phenomena to the Faculty.

At noontime on a hot summer day there came into the clinic a big, red-headed Irishman. Most of the instructors and students had gone out for lunch, leaving only three or four of us in the emergency ward. This big Irishman ambled in with his hand to his jaw, growling and swearing.

"Some Dago slugged you, Murphy?"

"Phwat yer givin' me, young feller? Phwere's th' tooth perfesser?"

"Toothache?" and I went toward him to remove his hand, which held a rag soaked with some vile-smelling stuff.

He made no resistance as I felt of his jaw, and so readily did he follow me to the dental department that the thought ever uppermost in my mind, hypnotism, grasped every action. Now, I had never pulled a tooth; knew nothing about dentistry; but this state of affairs did not for a moment trouble me. The department was empty.

Getting Murphy to sit in a chair I readily put him into a complete hypnotic state. I then called into the room the few students in the clinic and commenced to show them, by pushing a big scarf-pin into the subject's ears and cheeks, that all sense of pain was abolished. Then I started to work upon the tooth, using the biggest pair of forceps I could find. Being strong and lusty, by mere physical force the huge molar was extracted, or, rather, pulled out. I believe the print of my heel on Murphy's chest remained for several days.

When I brought the man back to his senses there was the big tooth for him to carry home. He sat in the chair for a whole hour, wondering and questioning. As he rose to go he said:

"How th' divil'd ye do it? It's a banshee yer mither waz."

Pride Goeth Before a Fall

NOW, the medical success in many cases of hypnotism depends upon the attitude, the condition of the subjects at that psychological moment when they are clamorous for relief from pain or mental trouble. Though it is true that in certain marked conditions once a person has been hypnotized he can at any time be again hypnotized—can be at any place or time put under the operator's influence—in other cases he cannot. This is one reason why hypnotism cannot be used with certainty and safety in emergency surgery.

Murphy had been suffering from severe pain for several days; had lost sleep, was unstrung by repeated doses of whisky, and had become desperate enough to succumb readily to any suggestions made by one whom he believed could relieve him of his agony. This idea was uppermost in his mind—anything to get relief. So he readily responded to my suggestion, the conscious brain was inhibited, and the subconscious brain brought into activity. This crude explanation of hypnotic phenomena is sufficient to make clear what follows.

The amphitheatre was crowded. Old and young, scoffers and a few believers, all patiently waited while I made a few remarks. I had secured Murphy as my star subject, and had a few other patients who, I thought, would become subjects after witnessing the complete hypnotizing of Murphy.

With eager expectancy, with full confidence that I would turn the scoffers into ardent believers, I placed Murphy in the chair.

"Look me in the eyes. Steady, now! You are going to sleep—to sleep. You are getting sleepy—sleepy—sleepy," all in a confident tone, though my heart thumped from expectant success.

Silence throughout the amphitheatre. But as I kept on, still with unbounded assurance, murmurs of mirth reached me—Murphy was winking at my audience. Finally his eyes closed and he remained apparently unconscious. Taking my scarf-pin, I said to the skeptical audience: "I shall now demonstrate to you all that this man can feel no pain. His sense of feeling is completely abolished. Murphy, you can feel no pain—You *can feel no pain;*" and I jabbed the pin into his ear.

"Howly Saints!" roared the Irishman, jumping clear out of the chair and rushing for the exit. Amid roars of laughter, jeers and jibes I got Murphy, all a-tremble, back. I asked silence for a moment. Then, turning to Murphy, I asked:

"How is this, Murphy? The other day you slept unconsciously while I pulled a tooth for you; yanked it out from your sore jaws. You did not feel any pain; did not know what was going on? What's the matter with you to-day?"

Quietly, and with a smile on his Kerry countenance, he turned and replied, so that the laughing audience could all hear him: "Sure, Perfesser, I wanted to kape awake t' see how ye put me t'slape."

The clinic was finished—and so was I.

One evening, while enjoying the company of a few congenial friends, I was asked to demonstrate hypnotic control. A waiter in the club, a big, husky negro, was with some difficulty gotten into the room. After minor evidences that he responded involuntarily to my suggestions, I thought I would show the doctors present that I could also abolish the sense of feeling.

Now, another little explanation regarding some of the peculiar conditions existing in hypnotic phenomena. Unless you have experimented before with the subject you never can be certain to what extent he will respond to different suggestions. For instance, the question of the possibility of making an individual respond to criminal suggestions. It is undoubtedly true that some persons will respond rapidly to any criminal suggestion, while another subject, whom you can turn into a dog or a stump of a tree, will, upon receiving a criminal suggestion, remain unresponsive, or often come out of the hypnotic condition at once. The suggestion of crime forced upon the subconscious brain appears to act as a shock and releases the inhibition you have placed upon the conscious brain. Some of these facts force us to believe in congenital criminals, individuals who are bound to commit crimes whenever the constraint of fear for the law is abolished.

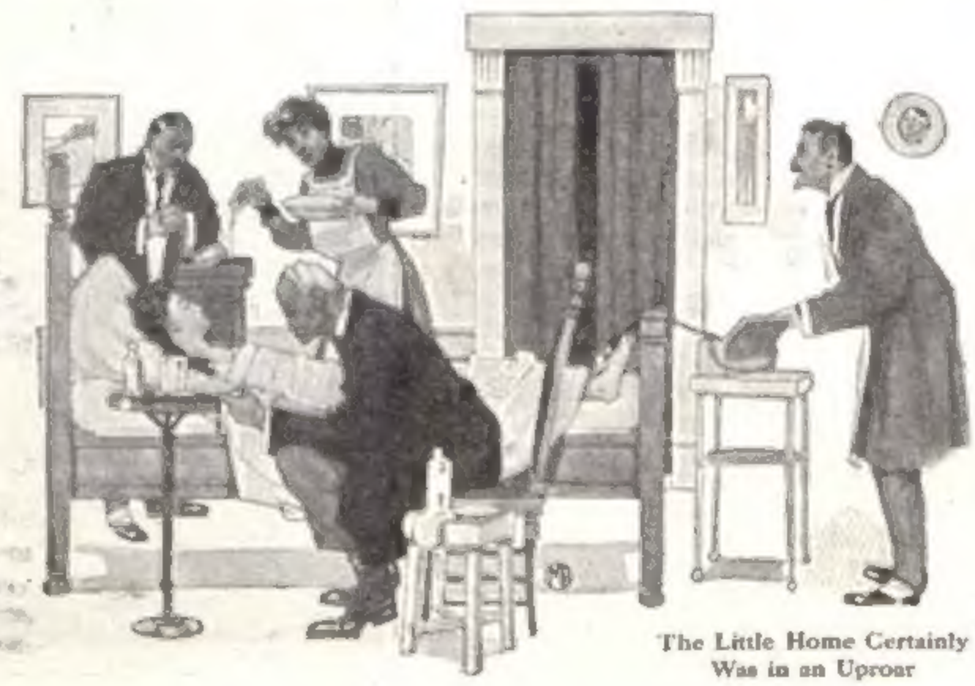
In the case of this negro there were no doubts but that he acted under hypnotic control; medical evidence was obtained to this effect. I unguardedly said to him: "I'm now going to run a scarf-pin through your ear—you'll feel no pain—you'll not see the blood."

The words, cut and blood, to a negro!

The suggestion was too much for his sub-conscious brain, and it immediately recovered its activity.

The last I ever saw of that valuable scarf-pin was when I saw it sticking through the pendent lobe of the negro's ear as he sprinted out through the door and down the dark street. Neither negro nor jewel has been seen since.

Instances like the above gave me many valuable lessons regarding details in making hypnotic suggestions. For example, had I simply said to that negro, "You will feel no pain," and incessantly reiterated this statement, the



The Little Home Certainly Was in an Uproar

I Believe the Print of My Heel on Murphy's Chest Remained for Several Days

result would have probably been different, and I should have saved my jewel. The mistake was in stating that he would be cut.

Another humorous case that taught me the necessity of considering every suggested word:

A young friend consulted me concerning his wife. She was suffering from insomnia. Every possible drug and treatment had been tried by the family physician and consultant. Her husband knew of cases that I had successfully treated, and, finally becoming desperate, he asked me to take the case. This action on his part was against the wishes of the wife's family, and in spite of the statement of the family physician that if I were called in he would no longer consent to be their doctor.

Forgot to Set the Alarm Clock

IT WAS a simple functional trouble that prevented the young woman from sleeping. She had contracted the habit of wakefulness plus a system filled with chloral, morphine and other harmful drugs. She—and here is an important detail—believed I could "will her to sleep."

At her usual bedtime I suggested sleep, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her in a normal state of rest—bodily and mentally. Before leaving her I repeated the following instructions: "You will hear no voice but mine. You will sleep until my voice—my voice—awakens you. Sleep—sleep, dreamless sleep until I—my voice—calls you to awake."

I slept late the next morning. About nine o'clock there was a furious ringing at telephone and door. My assistant rushed up to my bedroom accompanied by the frightened brother of the young woman. There was blood in his eye. He cried out:

"Doctor, what have you done to Nell? Will she die? Come, come at once."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Everything. We can't waken her! Doctor S. has been with her since seven o'clock. Mother sent for him. He's frightened; says you're a dangerous man to have in the house. He's tried everything. Electricity—he's got a battery on her now. Mother's thrown cold water all over Nell; but she won't stir. I've slapped her feet, called her, pinched her, but she acts as if she were dead."

Just then in rushed the husband, who turned to the brother, saying:

"Let the Doctor alone. He knows his business; don't you, Doctor?"—this with a half-fearful, half-confident air.

"I think I do. Now, here; one of you rush back and see that she is wrapped in warm blankets. If any one has injured her it is those who have been doing foolish things. Go!"

The husband and I soon reached the house. He had asked no questions on the way and I had vouchsafed no opinion. I was a little puzzled myself.

As we reached the house I saw the old family doctor and his consultant leave rather hurriedly, evidently not caring to meet me.

The little home certainly was in an uproar from kitchen to bedroom. I shut out every one from the bedroom except the husband. Then going to the young woman, I quietly said:

"Wake up, Mrs. B. You have had a good sleep."

Slowly she opened her eyes, and a pleasant expression came over her features as she said:

"Oh, Doctor. I've had such a restful sleep—the first in months."

I had simply forgotten to tell her at what hour to awake. So she had slept as she had been told—until she heard my voice. All centres of normal hearing and feeling had been abolished; the voices and acts of the others could not reach her subconscious brain.

After the Associated Press and specials had reported my address to the American Medical Association upon Hypnotism, I was for a year and more daily in receipt of letters from all parts of the country asking me to do most unseemly and impossible things. These requests still dribble in. Many requests were pathetic—from mothers wanting help for wayward daughters, or from wives begging me to cure their husbands of the "curse of drink"; for relief from the opium and morphine habit Many, however, had a humorous side. One of the latter sort I give *verbatim et literatim*. The writer had asked me in her first letter if I could influence a man to love her. This ardent female lived two thousand miles from my office, and the man she first wanted me to "influence" lived ten miles from her "lonely home." Finally she compromised on *any* man I could bring to her "longing bosom." In my answer I simply sought to quiet her by writing that I must see both parties. But this did not feeze her, as the letter, which follows, shows:

I am about forty, plump figure, brunette, red lips. I went in music and art. A woman of my age does not have the admirers of younger days. I so much crave the affections of a man; seems to me *I shall die without it.*

About September come the party in this county. Lives ten miles away. If by your *instinct* I can influence soon at the contracting day I will send you ten dollars. If you can't do it to this party do you know of any *good* reliable person, does not have bad habits and is industrious, kind and can influence them and *soon?* At the contracting day I will send five dollars. Widower preferred.

Please aid me in all your power and God will bless you.

My mother left me my lonely home, but I would sell it to get some loving man to take to my longing arms.

P. S. If you can influence the first party to be my beloved one I will also send you two pictures I painted all myself.

Perhaps a good man would come quick if you told him I had what they call in Paree the artistic temperament.

P.S. P.S. Should you know of any such person please do not under any circumstances let him know of the plan or are mutually interested. Say there is a chance for you to get a wife. Say that you know of me. Then do it at once.

P. S. P. S. P. S. The other party has no such intentions, the other party loving deeply enough for an alliance for life. Later I will send you five dollars more.

Humorous? Yes, but also pathetic.

Thought the Tigers Were Chasing Him

ONE evening at a suburban hotel I amused a party of physicians by experiments in hypnotism, getting some of the colored waiters under control. One of these proved to be such an excellent subject that I was well punished for my experiments.

He was listening to the suggested circus band coming up the street and making very amusing remarks about the animals he saw in the cages. Finally I said: "The tigers have broken loose—they are coming for you."

With a yell of fright that terror-stricken darky jumped from the veranda, and with cries of maddening terror disappeared in the darkness.

To have allowed him to go on would have endangered his life and perhaps that of others, for, remember, he was being pursued by savage and hungry tigers. To him it

He Prowled Around the Table Snapping at the Now Terrified Woman

was *reality;* the fear was a true psychic emotion. All senses were dumb but those that saw the wild beasts. As he tore along he would see nothing in front of him or around him—nothing but the gleaming eyes of the pursuing tigers behind him.

He had gone beyond the hearing of my voice; nothing but that voice could control his mad flight. If I did not stop him he would run amuck.

I raced over fences, through cold streams and into woods, being always directed by his screams of fright. I was also desperate, for I knew the danger that confronted the man. He might rush into a house and be shot for a burglar or madman; might fall over a cliff or into deep water.

An Embarrassing Success

AFTER a bruising chase my voice reached him. I then told him that the tigers had been captured and that he could return in safety.

Had I brought him out of his hypnotic state then and there, the strange surroundings, his absence from the hotel, how his clothes became so torn and wet, and my personal appearance, would have had an injurious effect. All these strange conditions, unaccountable to him, would have produced a shock, and possibly a harmful shock. When we arrived at the hotel I then suggested that he had tripped over a pail of water that he had carried to my horse.

As there is a total memory blank of time and acts during the normal state of what takes place in the hypnotic state—that is, in the complete hypnotic state—nothing of what really occurred ever came to his memory. Of course his companions chaffed him until I threatened to put the voodoo on them if they did not keep quiet. My threat was effective; but I had ruined a new suit of clothes, lost a watch, and was stiff and sore for days. Moreover, the next time I went to that hotel all the darkies disappeared like frightened rats, and I was obliged to attend to my own wants. Even the restaurant was cleared of waiters.

It was a well-known fact that chickens running at large on my country place, as well as my home and belongings, were all safe. Everything belonging to me was inviolate. Not on account of this incident alone, but on account of a series of such incidents which caused me to be known as a veritable voodoo doctor. I never removed this impression.

A friend of mine had a charming and intelligent wife. But he also had a mother-in-law who was not so charming in his eyes. She was, in fact, a constant disturber

(Concluded on Page 30)

I Told Him that the Tigers Had Been Captured and that He Could Return in Safety

MY LADY'S HAT

The Bonnet of Wilhelmina Louisa, and What it Means

"Take Me, for, Lo, I am the Finest One!"

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

I AM proud of Willy Lou. Sometimes I think she is as fine-looking a girl as can be found on the Avenue, and again sometimes I think she is the very finest. As for myself, friends say that presently I shall approach the sere and yellow leaf; although I feel that without doubt I shall finish this century. However that may be, I trust that never, in any year of my life, shall I cease to admire that most admirable of all created things, a beautiful woman. When I observe one of these approach upon the Avenue I do not feel it necessary to conduct myself as though we had met before. I merely look pleased that she is alive; and I am sure she feels my pleasure in this fact. Thus the other day, when I noticed a splendid creature advancing toward me—it was just at the height of the shopping hour, and the street was filled with splendid creatures—splendid, beautiful American women, among whom it is always most difficult to choose, they are all so delightful alike to eye and soul—it was then, I say, that I saw approaching me a certain young woman whose like, it seemed to me, I had never seen before. I wished her to know in some way that the fact of her existence gave me joy; but I did not take off my hat nor smile nor bow. I only thought, deep down, that I was glad she was alive, and I have no doubt that I appeared very well pleased that she was alive, for all at once she swung across the pavement and came up to me with a most radiant smile.

"Oh, it's you!" she exclaimed. "Tell me, how do you like It?"

I then observed for the first time that it was my wife, Willy Lou, and I remarked to her with a certain exultation that I was glad to see my original judgment so fully confirmed. Really, I have never seen any one for whom I would change Willy Lou. She is tallish and rather dark, and has large brown eyes, and a good carriage, and a general air of belief that all the world loves her and is going to be good to her—very much like your own wife, I imagine.

Sometimes, when we have sold Steel on a bulge, Willy Lou and I can have a carriage and go to the opera. She is then bareheaded, her dark hair with shining things in it, her eyes also shining because we have sold Steel on a bulge. When I look out over the long stream of passing vehicles of one sort or another, swimming by on the flood of this gay modern life in the city, carrying women with wealth of realms upon them, women with the breath of life and the odor of beauty all about them—I say, when I see all this luxury of life, all this flowering of the country of which I am proud to be a little part, and when I see Willy Lou sitting there by me on that hired carriage seat, tucking back her hair with hands encased in long white gloves which have not been cleaned more than twice—I say, when I see her there, bareheaded and comely, I wonder what I have done to deserve her, and whether she will ever know all the things I have done that did not deserve her—her, a woman, an American woman, the best thing of the best of all the world! Then I do as you do. I fall silent and feel, deep down, that I am, indeed, glad she is alive.

I acted that way now as Willy Lou repeated her question: "How do you like It?"

I put on my glasses.

"Madame de Vrai!" said Willy Lou triumphantly, her cheeks red with excitement, her fingers rubbing a stray lock of hair back into place. We walked on together along the Avenue. I saw several ladies, several men also, observe Willy Lou; the former with anger and regret, the latter with a certain reserved pleasure that she was alive.

"So that is what you did?" I asked her.

She nodded.

I should explain. At times, being of Kentucky ancestry, I confess that I visit, and observe with a certain interest, occasional trials of the relative speed of running horses. At times I find myself of certain fixed opinions as to the relative speed of such horses, and at such moments I have been known to place down coin of the realm, and to say that thus much I will cheerfully sacrifice to the immortal gods if such and such horse does not run first under the wire. On the week preceding this chance meeting with Willy Lou I had so successfully prophesied as to the speed of a certain horse that a fellow-citizen of contrary mind gave me one hundred and forty dollars, for that I had guessed more wisely than himself. This manner of deeds is all wrong in the opinion of my friends, but how I can mend it or how any one can help it I have never yet been able to see. Perhaps the wrong is less in that sometimes I give the results of successful prophecy to Willy Lou (not mentioning the matter at all when I guess unsuccessfully). This one hundred and forty dollars had gone to Willy Lou all for her own—that is to say, it had gone to her temporarily; Madame de Vrai having, as I now learned, secured permanent possession thereof.

"It's a peach!" said Willy Lou, radiantly happy.

"What did it cost?" I inquired mildly.

"Why, that was rather funny, too," she replied, her forehead puckering up. "I think it is what they call a coincidence. I told Madame de Vrai that you had been at something they call a Derby and had earned one hundred and forty dollars, and given it to me, and that I had concluded for once to buy a real Hat. When the bill came it was just a hundred and forty dollars."

"Yes," said I, "that is what is called a coincidence."

I put on my glasses for a second look. "You are, however, wrong in calling this hat a peach, or anything resembling an object in the vegetable kingdom," I continued. "It is altogether animal."

It was a large hat, made wholly without regard to geometry. It had a large buckle of something that shone, and a large bow of something that perched on the side, but most of all it had feathers, plumes, many of them, of many hues; it swam to the gaze. Of all these divers adornments I remember especially the long sweep of a beautiful handful of white plumes, filmy, delicate as breath of a babe, fine as the filigree jewelry of frost, and white, very white.

"Madame de Vrai said it was the white ones, the aigrettes, you know, that made it cost so much," said Willy Lou. "They are very scarce. She had some pink feathers and a few red ones—flamingoes, I think she called them—and maybe some of the rosy things—but I could not afford those. But don't you think it's lovely? Honest—you old dear!"

We were passing a place where you sit at little tables with onyx tops and wire legs, among many ladies with large hats, and have ice-cream soda, which comes at twenty cents the glass at this sort of place. Of ice-cream soda Willy Lou is passionately fond, and noticing now a certain anxiety in her gaze I saw that what she wished was a glass of this substance with a long spoon of spiral handle; wherefore we crowded in and seated ourselves. The light shone through the window directly upon the brand-new splendid hat of Willy Lou, finest girl of all on the Avenue. I was very content, and after my placid fashion was about to settle down and say nothing, when I observed that the light, coming as it did through the stained glass of the window, made a part, indeed almost all, of Willy Lou's new hat seem red as blood. It gave me an uncomfortable feeling, and I shifted my gaze. There were many hats here upon the heads of beautiful women, many of whom had automobiles waiting for them at the curb; and I have said that ice-cream soda here is twenty cents the glass. These hats therefore were real hats. They were originally, I presume, of all the foresworn delirious colors of the rainbow. They bore feathers of all manner of strident and discordant shades, piled and pinned on; a riot of Avenue millinery. One or two had the red feathers of the flamingo or the ibis. Some showed the green plumes of the bird of paradise. There were breasts of gulls, bodies of grackles, perched mummies of the painted humming-birds, hackles and wings and plumes and crests—among these many of the long, white, feathery plumes which Willy Lou admired. I counted fifty hats in sight, and there were others in the room beyond. I tried to figure how many birds and what sort had worn these plumes, and I failed; because as I sought to estimate I must look up, and then I saw that cursed light of the stained window, which turned all these adornments red—the red of blood. I say there came a hue of blood over that sea of absurdities, which rested as head-covering of many handsome, smiling, gentle faces—faces of women, tenderest of all created things; among these the gentle face of Willy Lou, the Dearest Girl.

I looked over at the cashier's desk, where sat a pretty young woman with whom Willy Lou and I sometimes conversed when we came hither. She was the only hatless woman present. As it chanced, the sun which fell upon her hair merely brought out its red-brown, lighting it handsomely. All at once I turned to Willy Lou and said: "Take off your hat!"

She smiled gayly, thinking I was jesting, but I repeated with earnestness, "Take it off!" and rose to hang it for her on the nearest hat tree. It is very rarely that I am commanding officer in my own household. It is much the same with me as with you. Willy Lou knows I love her, and takes advantage of it, the same as your wife does. But, on very rare occasions, I am commanding officer, without explanation, and this was one of them. Willy Lou, her face flushing, and her eyes going to be wet, removed the very object which was giving her that day the keenest of interest and joy—the very joy she had longed for through years of her uncomplaining life—the Hat which made her happy and radiant and glad she was alive.

The Calling of the Dying Young Becomes Fainter

This might have seemed cruel. I knew the theory of each hat

in that room. Its purpose and its function were to cry aloud to all the men in all the world: "Here am I. Take me! My plumes are resplendent in order that you may see me. Pass by that other woman, for, lo! am I not here, and do I not wait?" That is the cry of Woman; that is the cry of Woman's apparel, of her decoration. That, too, is the message of painted springtime, the story of the strutting dove, of the flaunting blossoms and the burgeoning of the trees and the whispering of the winds.

But now, Willy Lou, having obeyed before she thought, and having accepted this dark cloud upon her day of sunshine, and having hung up her hat—although she pulled it around in plain sight so that all the others could glare at it and be unhappy I chanced to look at her once more. She had, perhaps, slightly shifted her seat; because now, to my surprise, I found that the ray of sunlight had lost its redness and gone gentle and mellow. Willy Lou's hair, like that of the cashier, was brown, with red enough in it to make it warm. I looked at Willy Lou intently, so closely that I saw her eyes flutter and drop—so closely that, perhaps, she forgot her hat for the moment.

"Willy Lou," said I to her (although she was only my wife), "you are beautiful! You are a beautiful, a lovely girl, just as you are." And I think, perhaps, there must have been some truth in this statement, because, now I come to review the occasion, I seem to remember distinctly only the faces of Willy Lou and the cashier, who were the only two hatless ones present. I forget the faces of those who sat under plumes which dripped with blood, but I remember the face of one who wore no plumes at all. This proves to me, a man, the truth that woman is of her own self beautiful; that what beauty of her own calls out, "Take me!" is permanent in its appeal; whereas that bizarre note of her apparel which utters the same speech is no more than transient, after all. Not wholly because Willy Lou and I are great spoons, but because, at the moment, I was seized of a great conviction, I covertly dropped my hand upon hers as it lay before her on the table.

"Willy Lou," I said, "Life is a great, sweet thing, is it not? Life, you know, of tree or bird or flower, of bird or woman—of bird or creature of any kind, you know?"

Of course I have to make a map of anything I say to Willy Lou. She is the same as your wife. She did not grasp my idea.

"See!" I said to her and pointed out to her It as it hung. "The white plumes have all turned red, and that is a color rather for savages and men than for women; and—Willy Lou," I asked her suddenly, tightening my hand as I sometimes do, "do you know when I love you most, when I always love you most?"

She shook her head, looking up with her rolled eyes, which see out of the white part, I think

"I will tell you. It was when I saw you running across the tennis lawn, wearing no hat at all. No, it is when we go to opera and have a carriage and you wear no hat. No, it was when you walked up the aisle with flowers. No, perhaps it was not then, but now!

"When I see you, Willy Lou," I went on, looking at her earnestly, "I want not a note in all the world to distract me. I don't even need music then. I don't want colors to divert my thought. I don't want any noise to come, or anything—I want only you. And you, Willy Lou, call to me most loudly, I think, when you have on no hat at all, but are just the Dearest Girl! Do you understand me, young woman?"

"Of course," she answered me. "But every one knows that men are queer. They never care how cruel they are to—to women even women who—who—really care for them!"

Willy Lou, not seeing quite all that I saw, allowed two tears to come within reaching distance of her eyes. She is a gentle girl. If a kitten is hurt she weeps. A wounded bird—a sparrow that falls to the ground—but then —— No, I did not like to see her weep without fully understanding. Seeing that it was necessary to make a map I spilled a bit of the ice cream on top of the onyx table and sketched therein with the long-handled spoon. I made for Willy Lou a map of some parts of the world where Bill Jones, an old friend of mine, has been particularly active.

II

THE story of Bill Jones, market hunter, has been told now and again. It never loses anything of distastefulness and never gains anything in pleasurable quality. Bill Jones, none the less, is a friend of mine, or was years ago. He is much like you and me. We sell Steel on a bulge; he sells plumage when the market is good. The killing of birds is his business, and he is a master of his trade, a specialist whose skill is a thing of wonder.

Formerly Bill followed the spring flight of wild fowl north from the Gulf to Canada, the fall flight south from Canada to the Gulf. It was Bill's gun that killed your canvasbacks, your prairie grouse, your teal and your papabotte; for when not shooting duck he turned his attention to upland game. I have known him ship five thousand prairie chickens in a season, to kill four thousand mallards on one Minnesota lake of a fall, to market six thousand lean and half-fed ducks in one spring's shooting. I have stood with him on the sea marsh of Texas and shot snipe and ducks till his gun was hot and mine was ashamed. Such work as his I never saw. He did not fire at a bird outside of range, and the swiftest of wild fowl he would fold up, bird after bird, its head back in mid-air,

The White Bird Drops, a Tangled Heap

methodically, calmly, impersonally, without doubt or hesitation and quite without joy or exultation. It was a business with him. A load cost so much and must not be wasted; neither did it avail him to drop a bird where he could not gather it. His system was perfect. Thus he became known as the king of market hunters. A pleasant fellow, Bill; quite the most horrible man of a horrible profession that I ever knew, though not different from you and me, since his market was only one that you and I made for him. He did his work not because he liked it, but because we insisted upon his doing it—we Americans, who never knew enough not to shoot the sitting hen upon her nest.

Bill Jones typified the American idea of shooting sitting hens. So, although he began shooting ducks at a dollar a dozen and prairie chickens at about the same price, he saw the prices go above twelve dollars a dozen for grouse, twice that for certain ducks. Sometimes he would make fifty to one hundred dollars a day shooting canvasback in Texas; sometimes twenty-five to fifty dollars a day shooting jack-snipe. Bill no longer shoots for the market. There is little left to shoot. He now runs a fishery in Mississippi where he makes Russian sturgeon caviar out of river catfish for you and me.

Naturally, Bill Jones hunted plumage in his time. He has known every rookery worth the name from the Ohio River to the Amazon. He shot all through Florida, where there were many beautiful plumage birds at the time your father and mother took their wedding trip—birds which you did not see when you took your own wedding trip there ten years ago. Wrinkled and gray and dried and yellow-brown is Bill from many climates and much fever; silent of tongue, but withal of busy wit. He could tell you many things about birds—things which the writers of books do not know. Adventures have been his also, as when he lost three thousand dollars' worth of plumage through a fever which brought him down in the swamps of Mississippi, or how he nearly lost his life in Louisiana when the irate planters chased him out of the country for slaughtering all the birds of a big heronry. He could tell you of days with roseate spoonbills and flamingoes and ibises, as well as with edible wild fowl.

Once down on the Gulf coast I stood with Bill under a scattered flight of great white birds. He dropped one after another of them, long, lank creatures that crumpled into a rag of leg and neck and crest as they fell. On the shoulders of each of these birds there grew a clump of long, white, filmy feathers, delicate as frostwork; but I heard Bill curse his own folly in shooting them.

"I ought to have known more," said he. "Spring is the time to shoot these boys—when they're nesting. Then's when the plumes are finest. Not that it makes much difference, I suppose, for there are so few now that a fellow can hardly make a living following them."

Time was when Bill made a living in what seemed to him an easy and admirable way. Run out of Mississippi by planters who would not allow him to ship game, he dropped down to the sea marsh of Louisiana, searching for a suspected rookery of the lesser egrets, or white herons, as they are sometimes known. Finding where some of these birds fed along the bayous, he marked their flight, day after day, as a bee-hunter marks the flights of homing bees, working out the problem by angles and general lines of direction. He was convinced that somewhere northward, in the dense-timbered country of the swamps, there was located a large colony of the birds at this time of the year gathered upon their nesting ground.

This was in the spring. A real sportsman does not shoot birds in the spring. Food and the wedding is pretty much all there is of life for wild fowl, egrets, or men. Spring is the mating time of the birds. As a man, would you wish to be killed at your wedding time? If you were a woman, would you like to die with your new-born baby in your arms? Of course we must all die some day, but it seems harder then. It is surely harder for the species.

Bill Jones does not know philosophy. He only knows birds, plumage and the markets. He knows that in the nesting time of spring, when the little birds are just emerging from the egg, is the time that this great, soft tuft of plumes, white as snow, thin as air, grows longest and finest on the shoulders of the heron. That is when these plumes of the birds are most resplendent; sex thus crying aloud to the opposite sex, "Take me, for, lo, I am the finest one!" Thus, either to other, as the marriage service has it, the egrets plight their troth and repair deep and far to their shrewdly chosen place of safety. Here, far in the densest swamps, they rear their home of rude, broken boughs, and so they bring into the world others of their species to follow them when they are gone. That is the way of Nature.

These beautiful white birds, awkward at any other time, are alert and graceful here in their secret haunts, in the nesting time. They perch about the trees in scores, hundreds, thousands. A score of nests may hang in one ragged, dead-branched tree. Within reach of rifle-shot hundreds of birds may stand, tamed by the season; a thousand may be visible to the eye at once, pure white, tall, graceful creatures, covering the gnarled, gray trees. Above the tops of the trees are lines of flying birds, going out for feed, coming back with food for the young. Each bird knows its own nest and never makes a mistake. The principal feeding grounds are scores of miles distant, but each knows the way out and in. Out of the long line of silent, ghostlike creatures one sails lower above a certain tree, flapping and backing up clumsily until, directly above its nest, it lets down its long legs and descends, clumsily, to the nearest limb. On the same tree there may be fifty other birds silhouetted. They do not expect or dread danger. They have no defense against danger, and they will not flee from danger; because all the love of life

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What the People Owe Railroads

By B. F. YOAKUM

Chairman Executive Committee, Rock Island-Frisco Lines

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL A. STREHLAU

WE HAVE heard much about what the railroads owe the people, but almost nothing about what the people owe the railroads. No doubt many will be surprised at the inference that in common justice the railroads have something coming to them from the people. In a word, the notion is a common and almost universal one among the people that the railroads are their enemies, to whom they owe nothing but spite and retaliation. Is there any justice in this view of the railroads, and, if so, how much?

And where does this common feeling start from, and what keeps it going and gathering force and volume from year to year?

I take it for granted that the general existence of this feeling will not be questioned, but, if it is, let me say to the doubter: go to the first political meeting and hear what the orators have to say on the "burning issue of the day"; read the reports in your daily paper of what the legislators are doing and saying at your State capital. If any or all of these do not convince you that the average citizen has been prejudiced against the railroad then let me add to the evidence this statement:

Within the last year the Legislatures of fourteen States in which the Rock Island-Frisco System operates have passed upon five hundred and sixty "railroad" laws, not one of which was calculated to increase railroad earnings or the ease and comfort of railroad operation; and very many of them were radical and unjust.

Radical Politicians the Trouble-Breeders

BUT, in spite of all this, I am firm in the faith that the people themselves, unmanipulated by the politicians, would do the railroads justice and recognize that they do owe something to the railroads.

Perhaps my confidence in the real inclination of the people of the agricultural States to see the equity of this matter and do justice to the railroads is greater than that of many railroad men; if so, charge it to the fact that it has been my good fortune to come into close contact with the growers and producers of the Western States for many years. An intimate, first-hand acquaintance with them gives me a broad faith in the integrity of their intentions, and of their love of justice and fair play; it also, I believe, gives me an understanding of how this quality has been played upon by politicians to create a misunderstanding of the real merits of the case and a prejudice unjustified by the facts.

If it were not for the misunderstanding created with the people by the radical politicians and their followers, the people would soon come to a fair and sober understanding of both what they owe to the railroads and what the railroads owe to them.

It would not take the people and the railroads long to get together on a fair basis and together work out the problem in a way which would do justice to each if once the factor of unfair agitation could be removed. But, even with this remaining as it is, I do not regard the future as hopeless of that equitable understanding which would mean so much to the prosperity of this country. In fact, I look forward to the day when, through some form of organization, the people and the railroads will get together without the agitator standing between them to create confusion and keep open the gap of misunderstanding and prejudice. And, if that day comes, one of the happiest results to the American people and their continued and undisturbed prosperity will have been achieved.

Now for the question itself: What does the railroad do which entitles it to the consideration, if not the gratitude, of the people through whose country it runs?

Its quick and direct influence on real-estate values is one thing which entitles it to be regarded as having done something for the community affected by it. Only the railroad builder realizes how quickly the construction of a road through a new country increases the value of land along the line. As a matter of fact, in many cases a survey has been sufficient to put up land values for a considerable distance on either side of the proposed right-of-way at the rate of five dollars an acre before the actual work of construction was begun. Time and again, in my own experience, I have seen this happen, and so have many other men engaged in the building of new roads. It is a conservative statement to say that the opening up of a new country by a new line of road increases, at a stroke, the value of real estate miles on either side of the right-of-way at least ten dollars an acre, and from that up to twenty-five dollars. This has been my own experience and observation. Take the conditions in the Gulf Coast country of Southern Texas, for example.

When a road was projected through there five years ago, most of the land was purchasable at one dollar an acre; hundreds of thousands of acres could then have been bought for less than that. What happened when the course of line was determined and actual construction began?

Almost immediately it became impossible to buy a farm of any ordinary size near the road at less than ten dollars an acre, and within a year or two after the road was in active operation these lands changed hands rapidly at fifteen to thirty-five dollars an acre. To-day, only about five years from the date of the opening of the road, these lands are active at thirty-five to fifty dollars an acre, according to their agricultural value and their nearness to towns or cities.

The Enormous Increase in Land Values

LET us look from another angle at this question of how the building of railroads increases land values. To-day the State of Texas has, in round figures, 12,000 miles of railroad. It is in urgent need of fully double that amount to bring it up to normal for an agricultural State with so great an area not now enjoying railroad facilities. The reason why this additional mileage has not been constructed will be touched upon later. But suppose that the obstacles standing in the way of this additional construction of new road were removed and the lines built through the territory so badly in need of them. What would the railroads thus built do for real-estate values in Texas? We will figure the increase in values on an additional 6000 miles on only those lands within ten miles of either side of the right-of-way; this would affect 12,800 acres to the mile. This gives a total of 76,800,000 acres for the 6000 miles. Place the increase of value at only five dollars an acre and you have the astonishing total increase of three hundred and eighty-four million dollars.

While this matter of the railroad mileage of Texas is fresh in mind let us use it to illustrate other phases of what the railroad does for the people.

To build, ballast, equip and provide terminals for a railroad in Texas to-day cannot be done under a cost of $30,000 a mile. In fact, this estimate is too low. One Texas line, which was built in recent years, cost, aside from its equipment, and with *practically no terminal facilities provided*, $25,900 per mile, distributed approximately as follows:

Right-of-way	$ 1,400
Grading	10,000
Track	7,800
Bridges, culverts, buildings, water supply, shops, machinery, etc.	6,700
	$25,900

When this line is fully equipped the expenditure therefor will amount to more than ten thousand dollars per mile; for city terminals an amount which will equal seven thousand dollars per mile of road will be spent, and additional passing tracks, division terminals, ballast, will absorb more than another three thousand dollars per mile.

While no railroad is ever finished, the case in point sums up:

Original construction	$25,900
Equipment necessary	10,000
Terminals	7,000
Additional facilities, ballast, etc.	3,000
	$45,900

And then more beyond all that, as the country grows!

Another important factor is the increase of population. For example, railroad statistics show that five persons are employed for every mile of road; this would make 30,000 employees for 6000 miles. However, it is usually figured that each employee represents a family of four; figuring on this basis, 6000 miles of new road in Texas would represent 120,000 individuals directly maintained by this additional mileage. Wherever a new road goes new industries spring up and furnish employment for thousands of people. It is impossible to estimate without much research the probable number of individuals who would be brought into the territory covered by 6000 miles of new road, but certainly the number would be very large.

The State of Texas has a "Five Million Club"—an organization the object of which is to increase the population of the Lone Star State to this figure. In consideration of what I have already shown as to the population which would follow the building 6000 miles of new road, is it not clear that no shorter cut could be found to increase the population of Texas to the five-million point than is offered by reasonable encouragement to the railroads to increase their mileage to the normal point demanded by the good of the country to be served? Would it not seem inevitable that this policy would be pursued by a State eager to add to its population, its land values and its general prosperity?

But what is the real situation? In a word it is this: restrictive legislation has left the railroads little or no encouragement to extend their lines, and has removed the expectation of reasonable return on the capital invested. This is the real reason why Texas has only 12,000 miles of road when it should have 18,000 miles. The natural resources of the State, even in its most undeveloped portions, are rich enough to warrant the railroad builder in investing millions in new lines.

Right in this connection the question may arise: What does the railroad expect from the people, anyway? What kind of a return will satisfy the railroad? Let me answer by saying that, in the States of Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma,

Arkansas and Texas, the Rock Island-Frisco System has 9067 miles of road, representing an investment of $317,345,000 in railroad, equipment and terminals. If it could pay two per cent. above interest on its bonded indebtedness the management would be well satisfied. Is that an unreasonable return on investment?

Again, the reader may raise the further question: What kind of treatment would you consider as fair and just from the people of a State into which you were about to build new lines? The answer is: to give sane legislation based on a fair consideration of actual conditions, and not upon what the anti-corporation agitator says the railroad is going to do. If you propose to legislate that the railroad shall not be capitalized for a dollar more than it has actually cost—no matter if it will take twenty years to develop the country so that the road will pay two per cent. profit—then tell us so in advance. If you intend to pass laws which will make it almost a physical impossibility to operate a railroad through your State, laws which handicap the reasonable movement of trains and of traffic in almost every form, and which also make a fair and reasonable total of earnings an impossibility then tell the railroad company that before you get it to enhance the values of your lands, to increase your population, to plant factories and stores and all the agencies of commerce along its lines. Make it plain to the railroad builder that, in addition to your present restrictive laws, he may expect further restrictions thrown around his institutions; and with this knowledge, if the railroad builder constructs lines through your State he does it with a full knowledge of what he may expect from his investment, and he is not in a position in the future to lodge any complaint against your restrictive laws. Then it is up to the railroad builder to select the State for his operations in which he feels that he has the best chance for a fair return upon his investment, and will receive the same protection and consideration as other investors in other enterprises.

Any transactions between individuals anything less than this would be regarded as unfair and unjust; every railroad builder in the country who has constructed a new line into a Western State within recent years will tell you that it has been common practice for States and Territories to send delegation after delegation to induce the railroad company to build, and then turn about and pass the various kinds of legislation which I have suggested.

State Enactments Unfair to Railroads

ON THE question of restrictive legislation, I believe I voice the views of the railroad interests of this country when I say that it is the ill-considered and unfair legislation by States rather than enactment by National Congress which makes reasonable and legitimate railroad operation a well-nigh impossible problem.

Of course, national legislation might be unjustly burdensome to the railroads, but it is far less likely to be so than State enactments; experience has shown this. It seems to me quite likely that railroad companies will, in the practical working out of the problem, find that the Hepburn Act, recently passed by Congress, imposes fewer hardships than railway officials generally expected, and also that some of its provisions will be found protective.

The requirement that all the accounts of all roads shall be kept in a uniform and prescribed way, subject to examination by representatives of the Federal Government, is, I believe, to be regarded as a protection and a benefit rather than a matter for complaint. Why? Because the public will feel that the statement which shows a road to be in a good condition, with an attractive balance in the column of net earnings, is actually in that condition. The manipulator of speculation will no longer be able to make the investing public—either here or abroad—believe that the figures of any railroad's statement are juggled. The public will say: "These figures are right; they have been made under a uniform system of accounting; they have been checked and proven by a representative of the Federal Government; their accuracy is attested by the Government of the United States." The road which makes a good showing under these conditions will command the confidence of the investing public, and it will be a far more difficult matter to hammer down the price of its securities at home and abroad than it has been in the past. No railroad management should, it seems to me, object to regulation of this sort. Had the railroad companies of this country been putting out their official statements under this provision, it seems hardly probable that they would have suffered the decline which they felt in the depression of October and November. Provisions of this kind tend to create a better state of understanding and confidence between the people and the railroads.

But let us get back again to other details of what the railroads do for the people, which, as a matter of common justice, should be held in mind when it comes to striking the balance between the people and the railroads in any State or community.

What is Done with the Public Lands

PRIOR to the commencement of large railroad construction the immense territory lying west of the eighty-fifth meridian constituting the western half of the United States was still practically the "Great American Desert," and supposed to be generally incapable of sustaining civilized life. Railroad construction from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast made that country the granary of the world. Eighteen States and Territories have since been carved out of that desert within five decades. Before railroad building began in the West the natural waterways were the principal means of Western progress, but it required a century to accomplish what, since the advent of railroads, has been done in a few decades.

The granting of public lands by the Government to corporations who would undertake, within certain time limits, to push their lines across the plains to the Rocky Mountains, has generally been criticised as a profligate policy. The contrary is the case. The land grants as a rule were made in a belt of alternate sections from ten to twenty miles wide, along the railroad tracks. The intermediate sections were retained by the Government and disposed of to settlers under the homestead law, in 80-acre tracts within the railroad grant limits, instead of 160 acres outside of these limits. Under the preëmption law the homesteader was entitled only to 80 acres of free land within the land-grant limits, but 160 acres outside of these limits; hence the Government lost nothing of its revenue by granting lands to the railroads, and it was incumbent upon the railroad to settle up not only its own lands, but those lands retained by the Government.

The land-grant railroads inaugurated and maintained, until the lands were all settled, a vigorous immigration campaign at enormous expense. This expense in some cases exceeded the revenue accruing to it from the land sales, the aim of the companies being not to make money out of these lands, but to develop the country for future revenue, and thus build up new and prosperous communities along their lines. During the early periods of this development work by the railroads, settlers were brought into the West on most liberal terms, even from far-distant European countries. Instances are on record where ship cargoes of household goods were carried free across the ocean and into the heart of our continent by the railroads in order to encourage rapid settlement. At times when the country was suffering from elementary scourge, such as droughts or floods, grasshopper and other insect visitations, the railroads carried seed-grain free to the suffering settlers over their lines. They also carried settlers back home to relations until better conditions in the new country obtained, and did this free.

Land grants are now a thing of the past, but the Western railroads are still vigorously prosecuting this settlement work without aid from National or State Governments. Western railroads without land grants are still continuing in this development work. They maintain departments of immigration just as land-grant railroads have done. At regular periods, usually twice a month, they run homeseekers' excursion trains carrying thousands of prospectors at low rates over extensive territories, rates which do not cover the cost of running the trains, and for tickets allowing special stop-over privileges at points which offer good opportunities for settlement.

Let me be specific and illustrate this more fully from records with which I am familiar. The Rock Island-Frisco Lines, aggregating some 15,000 miles and serving eighteen States, all of which are yet susceptible to further development, maintain general immigration departments at Chicago and St. Louis under the direction of the passenger traffic management. The appropriation for advertising during the last fiscal year amounted to approximately half a million dollars. This money was spent for attractive, descriptive and illustrated literature showing up the entire territory served by the lines, and for newspaper and magazine advertising, all of which produced an enormous amount of inquiry, and entailed voluminous correspondence, resulting in the movement of the homeseekers and industrial investors. During the fiscal year ending June, 1907, this movement, only by its regular bi-monthly homeseekers' excursion trains, amounted to 105,695 persons via the Rock Island-Frisco Lines alone. Of this number there were actually located upon new homes 35,945 people, comprising 8365 families, who took with them 6507 cars of household goods. This movement was distributed chiefly over the States of Arkansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, Texas and New Mexico, all this aside from the regular every-day movement. This movement means not only agricultural development, but it means the establishment of new towns and cities, with church, school, banks and industrial enterprises in all lines, and it means the creation of taxable wealth to the State.

The railroad system in question has no lands of its own for sale, but its effort is to get good settlers into its territory.

Stimulating Western Immigration

THEREFORE all excursion trains are accompanied by official immigration agents familiar with conditions over the entire territory. This is done at considerable expense to the railroad company. Records of available colonization tracts are kept at the immigration departments.

As many as 10,000 homeseekers per month have invaded the Southwest since the homeseekers' excursion trains have been instituted. Some of these trains had to be sent out in from five to ten sections of from seven to ten cars each. Can you realize what this volume of immigration has done for the original landowners in all that region? It has simply multiplied their wealth, and quickly, too.

Local and State organizations are being aided by the railroads in disseminating information about opportunities and attractions in their prospective localities. The immigration department keeps in close touch with chambers of commerce, boards of trade and business men's associations. At Oklahoma City, on the fifteenth and sixteenth of October, the Oklahoma State Immigration and Industrial Development Association was organized with a membership extending all over the State.

The railroads have always aided and they still aid the Government in its endeavor to analyze elementary conditions in new territory, such as quality of soil, adaptability to certain lines of product, mineral resources, etc. Experimental farms have been established and maintained by many of the railroads in the West in order to spare the new settler, as far as possible, all costly experiments. Much of this work has been done in conjunction with the Government employees. It is a regular

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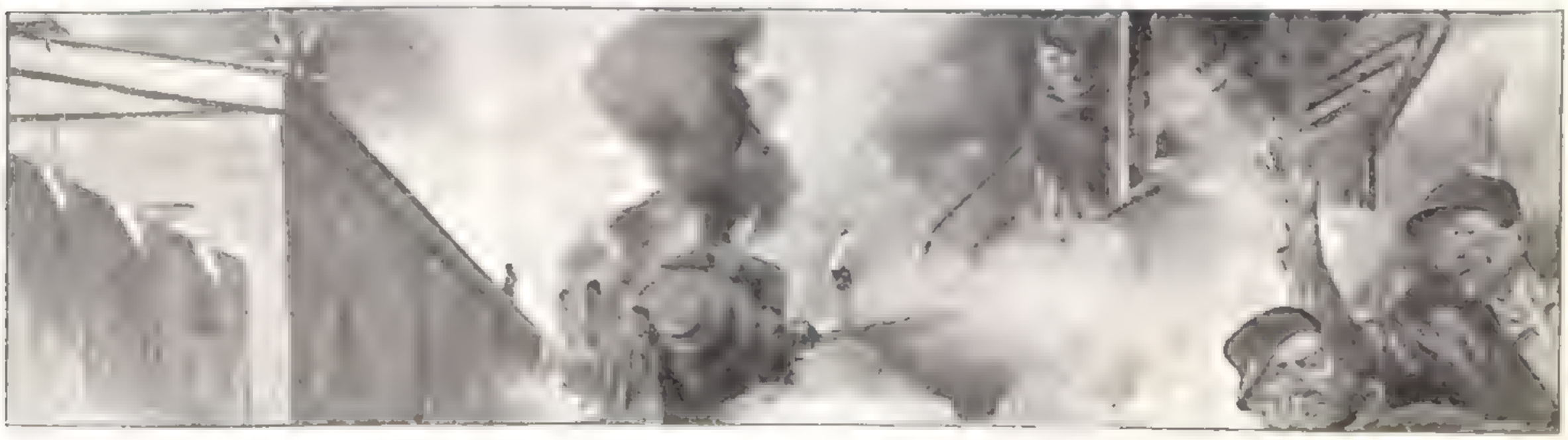

THE REIGN OF REGINA

Reggie Makes a Play at Being Foster Father

By Dorothea Deakin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"She's a Way of Readin' Tracks Aloud to Me an' 'er Mother, an' Spoils the Little 'ome," He Said at Last

I'VE been longing to tell you all about it ever since it happened, but there's been so much to do, with visiting her twice a day, not to speak of all the unpleasing interviews with her unspeakable relations. And I can tell you, Molly, it wanted a good deal of tact to come through those ordeals unharmed."

"And what have you been and got involved in now?" I asked as kindly as possible.

Rex flushed.

"Oh, come," he said hastily; "I don't make a practice of this sort of thing, you know, and it's a good thing I don't, for very little more of it would wear me into an early grave. You see it was Alexander's beastly motor——"

"You don't mean to say he let you drive it alone?" I asked tactlessly.

"I am quite capable of managing it, thank you," Rex remarked with dignity. "It was not in the least because I am shaky in my steering, whatever Alexander says, and the child ran across the road from a by-lane like a flash of lightning before I so much as realized that she was there. I saw something pink and heard a yell and stopped the car at once."

"Oh, Rex, you don't mean that you ran over a child?"

"I'll tell you if you'll give me time. And you can imagine what I felt when I got out and went to look."

"What the child felt is more to the point," I said. Perhaps I was a little unkind in my vivid interest in the story. "Was it dead? Oh, Rex, how shocking!"

"No," said he coldly; "on the contrary, she was sitting up, crying; but, except a few bruises and a broken arm or so, there was nothing the matter with her at all. A crowd collected at once, and in less than ten minutes we had four doctors and three hospital nurses on the spot, all giving their advice and opinion of my driving at once, in the frankest and most unrestrained character. They put her in the car, and I took her to the hospital very slowly, escorted by an extraordinarily demonstrative crowd, and by the time she was comfortably put to bed all her relations were waiting in the vestibule to see me and find out my ideas on the subject of compensation. I had a happy hour of it."

"My poor Rex," I said gently, "were they so upset?"

"Upset?" said Rex grimly—"yes, very much upset. But their tears didn't in the least dull their eyes to the main chance, and, from what I gathered from one of her uncles, a motor accident is in their circle as manna in the wilderness."

"One of her uncles?"

Rex smiled.

"Oh, yes, they were all there," he said; "her father and mother, two grandfathers and grandmothers, five or six aunts, three uncles, and all her brothers and sisters. It was Saturday afternoon you see, and a holiday. Oh, yes, they'd all come."

"Do they *all* want compensation?" I asked slowly.

"They *want* it," Rex replied sardonically, "but they won't get it. I've given the father—and a grimy ruffian he is—ten pounds, and he'll not get a penny more. The child's as happy as a queen in the hospital. She's never had such a time in her life."

"Poor little girl," I said; "how old is she?"

"Twelve," said Rex slowly, "and wonderful to look at. She's very dark, with splendid black eyes, and a mouth like a red flower."

I stared at his kindling eyes and rapturous voice.

"I've never seen such eyes," he went on; "the kind that you see in your dreams, Molly."

"I never see anybody's black eyes in my dreams," I murmured sadly. "I wish I did."

"The kind that haunt you all your life," he went on. "I've been to see her twice a day since it happened, and, by George! Her eyes! Well, they *do* grow on one most tremendously."

"Are you falling in love with a twelve-year-old gutter child?" I asked with a smile.

Rex rose and walked away to the window. When he came back his serious face surprised me.

"Molly," he said slowly, "did you ever have an ideal?"

"No—why?"

"This child is my ideal of womanly beauty, and it breaks my heart to think of what she will grow into in the squalid, noisy, ignorant hands of those bringing her up."

"She's probably bringing herself up," said I slowly; "they generally do—in those circles."

"I'm poor," said Rex, suddenly changing the subject, "and I shall not be able to marry at the least for six or seven years; but I have enough money to do something that I have been thinking of."

"What do you mean?"

"If I buy this child and take her away from her people and educate her, in six years she will be grown up and a gloriously beautiful girl. She shall be educated, and her mind shall be formed to fulfill my ideal!"

"Rex!" I gazed at him in silent horror.

"So far," this annoying youth pursued, "I have lived an aimless, selfish life, and now my chance has come."

"*Dear* Rex," I said gently, "don't, don't take it. Do you think that you or any one else will make an angel out of a little slum girl with a herd of impossible relations?"

Rex shook his head. "You haven't seen her," he said; "her sweet nature speaks from her face. Only yesterday one of the nurses asked her if she wasn't glad I'd stopped the car in time, and she just put her little hands together and said, No, because she was always quite ready to die."

I gazed at him in silent horror.

"Yes," said he, "Queenie's her name. *I* call her Regina. Isn't it a beautiful name? When she comes out I shall make the offer to her father."

"Rex, you've quite made up your mind, then?"

"Quite."

He was then about twenty-one, I believe, an ordinary, nice, clean-looking, egotistical English boy; and, as I looked at his grimly-set lips and exalted eyes, I realized that he was suffering from a disease which only time would cure.

"You'll come in and tell me how her father takes it, won't you?" I asked mildly, as he said good-by. Of course he would. He did. He came the very next day, just as I was going out to get a half-dozen calls off my mind.

"Molly, dear," he said, "I don't want to interfere with your plans or keep you in, but, if you could give me five minutes——"

I sat down on the oak chair in the hall, and he looked uncomfortably toward the drawing-room door.

"Oh, come in there."

I resigned myself as usual, without a murmur.

"Did you make that wild and Family Herald offer to the parents?" I asked.

"Yes," said Rex enthusiastically. "Her mother jumped at it from the first, but her father was more careful. He wouldn't commit himself till I'd raised my offer to twenty pounds. Then he said that the child was the apple of his eye, and was this a Christian country where folks bought and sold their own for gold and silver?"

"Did you say it was?"

"I said I wasn't going to say whether it was Christian or not, as I wasn't qualified to make any reflection. And then her mother began to cry suddenly, and said Queenie had been her comfort and right hand from fifteen months old. She said human souls were not to be put up for auction in a free land, and that twenty pounds was an insulting offer. It *was* a trying afternoon. I wish you'd been there instead of me."

"That is sweet of you," I remarked meekly.

"You're so tactful and yet shrewd. I can't make a decent bargain about anything. Never could."

"How did it end?"

"They gave in at five-and-twenty," he replied wearily. "Goodness knows when I shall pay my tailor now. And then the climax was reached when I suggested to mother she should take her in hand and form her after my scheme, when I've drawn it out. I've never seen my mother so roused. She was almost fierce, and Aunt May—I went round to her afterward—Aunt May was simply insulting."

"How selfish people are!" I murmured softly. But at heart my sympathies were certainly with his relations.

Rex looked at me with a thoughtful gleam in his eye.

"I suppose," he began, "you're very fond of me, Molly, aren't you?"

"Oh, very," I said hastily, "but——"

"I suppose you wouldn't care to——"

"Not for worlds," I cried, and he went disconsolately home. His mother called on me a week later to weep—almost to weep in my arms.

"He's told you, of course," dismally.

"Yes," said I; "can't we lock him up till he changes his mind?"

"He brought her to tea with me—I couldn't refuse everything the boy asked me. Miss Green, the girls' old governess—the one they never could get on with—*she's* taken her in and promised to carry out all Reggie's impossible plans. And he brought her to tea with me in a Liberty frock, which must have cost him pounds, poor boy; white with lovely Indian embroidery, and quite unsuitable in every way except mere beauty."

"And, After Tea, She Stood Up and Sang a Hymn"

"Is she as pretty as he says?" I asked.

"Quite, only very foreign-looking. I believe her grandmother was a Hungarian Gipsy, by the look of her, and Reggie rather takes to the idea; only I wish she wouldn't put everything on her knee, really—in that expensive frock ——"

"Put everything on her knee?" I asked in bewilderment.

Rex's mother adjusted her smart toque.

"My dear, you've seen them at school treats a hundred times. They take everything that's passed to them for fear of missing anything, you know, and we couldn't understand how she got through the cakes so quickly, till Elaine went behind her for something and saw what she'd got in her lap. Five éclairs at least, and a cream bun—all oozing, you know, and we had to sponge her frock afterward. And, after tea, she stood up and sang a hymn -for grace, you see. We were all thunderstruck, but Reggie was charmed. She's got a sweet little pipe of a voice, but she wailed the words out in a most trying way, and then said: 'Please, can I go 'ome?' I am really sorry for Miss Green. She called us all 'lidy.'"

"But how can Reggie afford it?"

"He can't. His father had to pay his tailor only yesterday. He ought to insist upon the wretched boy sending the child home."

"Rex is very stubborn," I said thoughtfully; "do you know I think I wouldn't oppose him in this at all?"

"Dear Molly, you are so clever, and you always understand."

"I've known so many boys," I said modestly, then added with unusual brilliance, "I think, if I may say so, that if you give him his head here he'll cut his own traces."

Rex's mother looked puzzled.

"Cut his traces?" she asked.

"Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself, was what I really meant," I amended smartly, but I must admit that I saw no reason to expect any such thing yet, and when he came to see me about it *I* wasn't going to scold him. Sympathy was what *he* would soon want, even if he hardly realized it yet.

I went to see his sister a few days later, and found her in the pretty garden picking dead violets off in much despair.

"Elaine," I said, "you're worrying about something. What is it?"

"You've heard about this new craze of Reggie's?"

"Yes."

"Molly, it's awful. He's laying up a black, black future for himself, if he only knew."

"Oh, cheer up," said I; "she may turn out the angel of his dreams after all, with Miss Green's influence and Rex's ideal program."

"Don't," said Elaine, sitting down suddenly on the grass edging; "she's unspeakable."

"What do you mean? I didn't think she was a naughty little——"

"Naughty!" Elaine cried sharply, "I wish she was naughty. There'd be some hope for her then. You can always improve people's manners and morals, Molly ——"

"Oh, *can* you?" I eyed her in surprise. "Then what?"

"This dreadful child," said she dolefully, "has been brought up entirely in Sunday-schools, and things of that sort. She's been reading awful little books about children who die young and forgive their parents on their deathbeds all her life. Her only remarks are copybook precepts. She sings hymns at you if you look at her. I love hymns, especially those with the fine old tunes and fine old words, but she doesn't choose those! How would you like it if your visitor stood up suddenly in the middle of a sunny afternoon and insisted upon singing, I Should Like to Die, Said Willie, or Where is My Boy To-night?"

"Not much," I admitted, with frank horror. "But it's very kind of you, Elaine, to have her here. Doesn't she like it very much—this lovely garden, and ——"

"Like it!" said Elaine. "She's taken it as a duty! She's trying to reform us. She says she's had a call. She thinks we're all lost souls because we only go to church in the mornings on Sunday, and none of us teach in the Sunday-school."

"My *dear* child!"

"Yes, Molly, it's quite true—really it is. She took mother's novel away from her on Sunday and brought out a grimy little book called Little Rays of Sunshine, with a sermon for every day of the week, and mother was so flabbergasted that she obediently read it—as far as Wednesday—she did, really! Oh, it's awful!"

"But why do you worry about the girl?" I asked in surprise. "It is absurd to take any notice of the whims of a boy like Rex. You've always spoilt him, but this really is above a joke."

Elaine sighed.

"Joke!" she said, "there's not much joke about Regina. But mother says that it's a mistake to crush all a boy's fine impulses. She says that we ought to reserve our blame for real evils. I never saw a realler one than Regina, but, after the first fierce row, mother just succumbed like a lamb. And she says that the more we have the girl here and draw her out, the more Reggie won't be able to bear it."

"There's something in that," I murmured thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," Elaine admitted doubtfully, "but I should like to do it in a quicker way. Reggie must be a little disappointed, because he told Miss Green that the child must look up to him as well as love and cling to him. And she asked him the other day if he didn't want to be saved?"

"Elaine!"

"You can't call that looking up, can you?"

"Not exactly," said I with a smile.

"The only thing I can think of is to make the child go back to her parents, but it's not as easy to manage as you'd think. Miss Green's our firm ally, and she makes Regina's lessons as dull as she possibly can, and I don't know any one better able to do that, do you?"

"No, indeed," said I fervently, with a stab of memory. I had shared Elaine's governess once. I sat down on the grass by Elaine's side and rested my elbows on my knees, plunged in thought. What in the world could be done!

"Have you thought of the child's parents?" I said at last.

Elaine stared.

"What do you mean?"

"Have you any money, Elaine?"

"Very little. Forty pounds in the bank. I'm saving up for my trousseau."

"Nonsense! Your mother will have to give you a proper trousseau, especially if you spend your own money on Rex. Go and bribe the parents to steal Regina back. Your mother says they have Gipsy blood. They'll easily manage it. Gipsies steal children and hens all day long, don't they?"

"Not when they're like Regina—and Reggie would never forgive me. Now, if *you* would do it, Molly dear."

"I like that," said I hotly; "when there's anything disagreeable to be done ——"

"But you've got so much tact, darling." Elaine caressed my hand with an earthy little finger. I rose sharply, but she caught at my dress.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she cried. "*I'll* undermine Miss Green, and get her to leave a window or door open."

"Tell her to lock up the silver, then."

"And *you* see the relations."

"I don't want to make an enemy of Rex for life."

"He'll never know you did it; he won't know that any of us did it, Molly, dearest; do, oh, *do* do it."

Of course I promised to do it; and then went home in a rage with myself for my weakness. It ended in my going unarmed and alone, with twenty sovereigns in gold in my purse, into Angel Meadow, and it took me an hour to find Rosemary Court. I was very nervous. The swarming children were so fiercely friendly, and people would keep throwing things suddenly out of upper windows. The squalid, sordid horror of the place filled me with contrition. I thought of Regina in her Liberty frock, and shuddered for her future here. Was there no middle course? No nice, clean home where they'd make a neat, little servant to a neat little pattern of the poor child? But I'd promised to do my best—and I did it—for five pounds. "Dirt cheap," as the father remarked; "and him risking life and limb and liberty, and spendin' money like water on railway fares to bring 'er 'ome."

"Aren't you glad to get her back?" I demanded sternly.

He fidgeted a little. He knew what a good father ought to say, of course, but ——

"She's a way of readin' tracks aloud to me an' 'er mother, an' spoils the little 'ome," he said at last.

"I doubt Queenie won't come with her father," the mother said, arranging her grimy and ragged apron to hide a large rent in her bodice.

"She went willingly, then?"

Queenie's parents exchanged glances.

"She give us 'er blessing," her mother remarked shortly; "all round she give it, missin' none of 'em except 'er Aunt Mary Ellen, and she'd 'ad words with 'er on Friday about the way she spent 'er 'usband's wage when she got it. An' then she stood in the middle of the court with 'er little 'ands behind 'er, singing a hymn. What was it she sung, father?"

The father grunted.

"Summat like this it were"—he began in a singsong tone:

> "My old companions, fare you well;
> I will not go with yew to ——"

"It's a pity she's got to leave 'er good 'ome," the mother interrupted hastily; "she's wasted on Angel Meadow, Queenie is.

I pointed out sadly that she was even more wasted on us. In Angel Meadow she had at least good opportunities—fair scope for her efforts. We settled the matter finally, and parted with mutual esteem, and I went home and waited nervously for developments.

In two days, however, I could bear it no longer, and went to call on Rex's mother and know the worst. I plunged, as it happened, right into the middle of everything I could most have wished to avoid. I found Rex standing in the middle of the room, white and indignant. Miss Green sat on the sofa weeping in the mother's arms. They were both weeping. Elaine's eyes, too, were red. And I was greeted with a chill silence. Rex broke it.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "A man learns to be glad of his friends when his mother and sister turn against him."

"Dear Rex," said I faintly, "what—what has happened?"

"Queenie has been stolen. Cruelly, selfishly, wickedly stolen from me."

"As if I'd steal a child!" his mother said with a sniff.

"As if any one could want to steal Queenie," Elaine cried viciously.

"You said you were glad," Rex cried. "When Miss Green came and told us the terrible news, you said you were thankful for it. Mother said so. Elaine said, 'Heaven be praised!' Deny it if you can."

No one denied anything.

"A little, lonely, lovely child," Rex cried sentimentally, "stolen away—to be lost, perhaps, in the slums—to starve and to die."

"What could any one do with Queenie if they did steal her?" Elaine asked sharply—"unless they want to send her out as a missionary to China to be eaten."

"In China," said Miss Green with a sniff, "the missionaries are not eaten. The burglars who carried off the child carried off also my Sèvres teapot and the plated muffineer which belonged to my Aunt Rebecca. All the other valuables were locked up."

I looked from one to the other. What could I say?

"The dream of my life is wrecked forever," said Rex tragically, plunging his hands in his pockets. I studied his injured face reflectively for some minutes.

"Let's advertise," I suggested cheerfully; "let's advertise with a reward. Don't give up hope yet, Rex!"

His face changed. I thought it fell a little, but I *must* have been mistaken.

"No good at all," he said curtly.

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I Plunged, as it Happened, Right Into the Middle of Everything I Could Most Have Wished to Avoid

THE NEW REPORTER

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

WRITTEN in the most accurate script I ever saw, a messenger brought me a big envelope with "White House" on the corner in gilt letters and my name on it. Inside there was another envelope and, inside that, two cards. One was a big one and had the American eagle on the top. That card contained the exciting information that the President had the honor to request my presence at the White House to attend the Diplomatic reception. The little card was my ticket of admission, to be given up at the proper place, and not transferable.

Well, that swelled me up considerably. I looked that invitation over a dozen times, read it through carefully and studied my name at every angle to make sure there had been no mistake. Apparently it was all right, for my name was spelled correctly, and it was in the invitation as well as on the envelopes. I stuck it up on my desk and, every fifteen minutes or so, took a fresh peek, just to make sure. I couldn't figure out how there could be an error. It was plain enough that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt had sent me a bid to the White House, and I strutted up and down the room and began to cast horoscopes of a brilliant social career that was about to begin. I even framed the first sentences of my dispatch that was to tell the folks at home all about it and let them in on the news, modestly, of course, that I was going some. Invited to the White House! It looked very good to me.

Here was what I intended to say, as a starter for the story I would send home: "Your correspondent attended the Diplomatic reception at the White House to-night, on the personal invitation of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. It was a most select and exclusive function, and among those present were——" Then I intended to pick out the big names and run them in and describe it all, and I could hear the gasps of envy and astonishment that the dispatch story would excite.

When I went up to the Capitol that afternoon I was feeling bumptious. I made a good entrance to the Senate press gallery and looked around at the correspondents there. They were laughing and joking and telling stories. I sort of felt sorry for a lot of them. I supposed a few of the important ones had invitations, too, but I was a new man and I had one. That was the point. Looked to me as if the President had recognized my work.

Wilkins came along. Wilkins is the correspondent of the biggest paper in our State, and has been here fifteen years. He patronizes me until, sometimes, I feel like taking a crack at him. It is Wilkins' idea that a correspondent has to be here at least five years before he can find his way to the Senate document room.

"Hello, young fellow!" he said to me; "gimme a match. How are they coming?"

"Pretty good," I replied. "I am getting along fairly well."

I was bursting to tell him what had happened to me, but I wanted him to say something more, so I could land on him with full force.

"Oh, well," he said, "cheer up. Stick to it, and, after a while, you will have a few glimmerings of what is going on and get a finger-hold on things."

"I hope so," I remarked casually, looking out of the window and trying not to appear excited. "I seem to be making some progress. Got an invitation to-day to the Diplomatic reception at the White House."

Much to my disappointment, Wilkins did not appear to be surprised. Instead he looked at me curiously and asked: "Is that so? Well, well; you are progressing. Invitation to the Diplomatic reception at the White House, hey? Say, boys," and he yelled out to the other correspondents, "what do you think of this? This young fellow has an invitation to the Diplomatic reception at the White House."

Baron Speck von Sternburg
German Ambassador

Most of them came over and shook hands with me, congratulating me elaborately. They all said they wished they could get on the list, and asked me how I did it.

I bit. I told them I supposed it was because I had made a hit with the President with one of my stories, and that mine was an important paper, and he doubtless meant to recognize the paper as much as he did me. "Anyhow," I said, "I prefer to look at it in that way. I don't imagine the honor was for me alone."

Then there were a lot more congratulations. The thing became embarrassing, for every man who came into the room was told by Wilkins what had happened to me and, in a short time, there were forty correspondents trying to shake hands and to tell me how glad they were to see a newcomer get such signal recognition.

They were laughing and slapping me on the back, and I began to wonder if it was sincere. Then, in the midst of the hubbub, two chaps who are new here this year, like myself, yanked me out of the crowd by the coat collar, jammed me into a corner and hissed: "Chop it, you lobster! Can't you see they're stringing you? Everybody on earth gets an invitation to those White House receptions. They take the official membership list of the press gallery and send an invitation to every man on it. Every man who has been jollying you has an invitation, and a good many of them have been getting them every year for years and years. We received them. Wake up! You got that invitation because it is the custom to ask us all, and it means just that much and no more."

Recording a Vendetta Against Wilkins

THAT made me feel about as sick as if I had received a telegram discharging me. I don't know yet whether I rolled down the stairs or jumped down the elevator shaft to get out of doors. I was indignant and ashamed, and I pounded down to the White House and asked some of the boys there if it were true that the entire press gallery was invited to all the receptions. They told me it was true and showed their cards.

I was pretty mad, but that didn't do me any good. I bluffed it out next day and, in a week or so, they had forgotten all about it, all except Wilkins. He joshed me about it every time I met him. I'll murder him yet.

And I went to the reception. That is the main point. Notwithstanding the indifference displayed by so many of the fellows invited, I found a lot of them there, too. Before I went I took a few lessons from some older correspondents, who knew all the ropes. They explained to me just how the trick was done. I was told the President gives four receptions, in addition to the big public one on New Year's Day: to the Diplomats, the Judiciary, the Army and Navy and the Congress. His official family helps receive. There are a lot of especially-invited guests, who have a place for themselves, and the general list, which makes up the bulk of the gathering.

The people on the general list go in the entrance opposite the Treasury Building and, at half-past nine, I was there, waiting in line. We filed slowly through a long, bowling-alley sort of a place, kept in motion by some attendants who stood alongside, and got checks for our coats and hats. Then we were told to go upstairs into the East Room and meet the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

That seemed ample enough, but it wasn't. Going up those stairs in any but the prescribed way was as impossible as walking up the side of the Monument. The stairs aren't very long, about twenty steps, I should say, but they seem seventeen miles high before you get to the top. You have to move when the line does. The attendants kept hustling up the people, but it made little difference. We inched along, getting up a step about every ten minutes.

James Bryce, British Ambassador

I was wedged in behind a fat lady with sparkling stuff on her hair, who was afraid I would find some way of stepping on her train, although she had it looped up over her arm, and a man who kept jamming me in the back with his fists and telling me to get a move on, for he had something important he wanted to say to the President. Ahead of me there were acres of bare shoulders and black coats, and back of me acres more.

Everybody was talking at once, and the burden of the conversation seemed to be the intimate terms on which every speaker was with the Presidential family. You'd think, to hear that chatter, there wasn't a person in the crowd who didn't habitually call the President "Teddy" to his face and take pot-luck there four nights a week.

I thought this would be a good time to try to straighten out that horrible affair of mine when I made such an ass of myself in the President's office. I framed up a neat little speech. I had it all pat by the time I got to the top of the stairs and into the East Room. That sight staggered me.

The place was filled with women in gowns that were all the colors of the rainbow, and looked as if they had cost all the money in the world. There were a lot of stuffy-looking men swathed in uniforms that were covered with gold lace. Most of them wore rows of medals and decorations on their chests, and one or two of them looked as if, after the uniform maker had sewed all the bullion and gold lace on their coats and trousers he could find room for, they had gone to a gilder and had the odd little nooks and crevices touched up with gold leaf. These were the diplomats. Some of them wore plain black, but not many. It didn't take me long to find that the ones with the most glorious outfits come from the smaller countries or have the puniest jobs in the big embassies and legations.

Señor Creel
Ambassador from Mexico

I was trying to look at the crowd and to remember my speech and not to tread on the fat lady, who had dropped her train by this time and was looking back over her shoulder at me as much as to say: "If you dare to step on it, you clodhopper, I'll have you thrown out the window."

That fat lady didn't add to my enjoyment any. I stepped on somebody's feet, and somebody stepped on mine. The man behind me began jabbing me harder in the back. The bands were playing the Merry Widow waltz. You could smell, it seemed, a million different kinds of perfume. "Hurry along!" somebody whispered in my ear. "Keep in line! Don't delay!"

Somebody had me by the shoulder, shoving me forward. I did step on the fat lady's gown. She shrieked "Monster!" at me. I got wobbly in the knees. "Hurry!" said that insistent voice in my ear. I made another stab at moving, and this time I stepped on another woman's dress. She didn't say anything. She just looked at me. I could feel my soul shrivel. I was gasping.

"Hurry!" commanded the voice. I wondered dumbly if it was going to be a hundred-yard dash.

We progressed. There were people who saw to that. I couldn't tell who they were, but they knew their business. We wound along, and pretty soon I could see the fat lady make one last dab at her hair, kick her train behind her and surge majestically forward, while a hand, belonging to some unseen person, held me back. The fat lady melted

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THE COURTSHIP

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

II—Concluded

ORDE and Gerald turned up the great promenade, a tour of which was then, even more than now, considered obligatory on the gracefully idle. Neither said anything, Orde because he was too absorbed in the emotions this sudden revelation of Carroll's environment had aroused in him; Gerald, apparently, because he was too indifferent. Nevertheless it was the young exquisite who finally broke the silence.

"It was an altar-cloth," said he suddenly.

"What?" asked Orde, rather bewildered.

"Mother is probably the most devout woman in New York," went on Gerald's even voice. "She is one of the hardest workers in the church. She keeps all the fast-days and attends all the services. Although she has no strength to speak of, she has just completed an elaborate embroidered altar-cloth. The work she accomplished while on her knees. Often she spent five or six hours a day in that position. It was very devout—but against the doctor's orders, and she is at present much pulled down. Finally, she gave way to persuasion to the extent of sending the embroidery out to be bound and corded. As a result the altar-cloth will not be done for next Sunday."

He delivered this statement in a voice absolutely colorless, without the faintest trace discernible of either approval or disapproval, without the slightest irony, yet Orde felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"It must have been annoying to her," he said gravely, "and I hope she will get it done in time. Perhaps Miss Bishop will be able to do it."

"That," said Gerald, "is Madison Square—or perhaps you know New York? My sister would, of course, be only too glad to finish the work; but I fear that my mother's peculiarly ardent temperament will now insist on her own accomplishment of the task. But perhaps you do not understand temperaments?"

"Very little, I'm afraid," confessed Orde.

They walked on for some distance farther.

"Your father was in the Mexican War?" said Orde, to change the trend of his own thoughts.

"He was a most distinguished officer. I believe he received the Medal of Honor for a part in the affair of the Molino del Rey."

"What command had he in the Civil War?" asked Orde. "I fooled around the outskirts of that a little myself.

"My father resigned from the army in '54," replied Gerald with his cool, impersonal courtesy.

"That was too bad, just before the chance for more service," said Orde.

"Army life was incompatible with my mother's temperament," stated Gerald.

Orde said nothing more. Gerald broke the silence.

"You are from Redding, of course," said he. "My sister is very enthusiastic about the place. You are in business there?"

Orde replied briefly; but, forced by the direct, cold and polite cross-questioning of his companion, he gave the latter a succinct idea of the sort of operations in which he was interested.

"And you?" he said at last. "I suppose you're either a broker or lawyer—most men are down here."

"I am neither one nor the other," stated Gerald. "I am possessed of a sufficient income from a legacy to make business unnecessary."

"I don't believe I'd care to—be idle," said Orde vaguely.

"There is plenty to occupy one's time," replied Gerald. "I have my clubs, my gymnasium, my horse, and my friends."

"Isn't there anything that particularly attracts you?" asked Orde.

The young man's languid eyes grew thoughtful, and he puffed more strongly on his cigarette.

"I should like," said he at last, "to enter the navy."

"Why don't you?" asked Orde bluntly.

"Certain family reasons make it inexpedient at present," said Gerald. "My mother is in a very nervous state; she depends on us; and any hint of our leaving her is sufficient to render her condition serious."

By this time the two young men were well uptown. On Gerald's initiative they turned down a side street, and shortly came to a stop.

"That is my gymnasium," said Gerald, pointing to a building across the way. "Won't you come in with me? I am due now for my practice."

III

ORDE'S evening was a disappointment to him. Mrs. Bishop had, by Carroll's report, worked feverishly at the altar-cloth all the afternoon. As a consequence she had gone to bed with a bad headache. This state of affairs seemed to throw the entire family into a state of indecision. It was divided in mind as to what to do; the absolute inutility of any effort balancing strongly against a sense of what the invalid expected.

"I wonder if mother wouldn't like just a taste of this beef," speculated the General, moving fussily in his chair. "I believe somebody ought to take some up. She *might* want it."

The man departed with the plate, but returned a few moments later, impassive—but still with the plate.

"Has she got her hot-water bag?" asked the boy unexpectedly.

"Yes, Master Kendrick," replied the butler.

After a preoccupied silence the General again broke out: "Seems to me somebody ought to be up there with her."

"You know, Father, that she can't stand any one in the room," said Carroll equably.

Toward the close of the meal, however, a distant bell tinkled faintly. Every one jumped as though guilty. Carroll said a hasty excuse and ran out. After ringing the bell the invalid had evidently anticipated its answer by emerging from her room to the head of the stairs, for Orde caught the sharp tones of complaint and overhead something about "take all night to eat a simple meal when I'm lying here suffering."

At the end of an interval a maid appeared in the door to say that Miss Carroll sent word she would not be down again for a time, and did not care for any more dinner. This seemed to relieve the General's mind of responsibility. He assumed his little fussy air of cheerfulness, told several stories of the war, and finally, after Kendrick had left, brought out some whisky and water. He winked slyly at Orde.

"Can't do this before the youngsters, you know," he chirruped craftily.

Throughout the meal Gerald had sat back silent, a faint amusement in his eye. After dinner he arose, yawned, consulted his watch, and departed, pleading an engagement. Orde lingered some time, listening to the General, in the hope that Carroll would reappear. She did not; so finally he took his leave. He trudged back to his hotel gloomily. The day had passed in a most unsatisfactory manner, according to his way of looking at it. Yet he had come more clearly to an understanding of the girl, her cheerfulness, her unselfishness, and, above all, the sweet, beautiful philosophy of life that must lie back, to render her so uncomplainingly the slave of the self-willed woman, yet without the indifferent cynicism of Gerald, the sullen yet real partisanship of Kendrick, or the General's weak-kneed acquiescence.

The next morning he succeeded in making an arrangement by letter for an excursion to the newly-projected Central Park. Promptly at two o'clock he was at the Bishops' house. To his inquiry the butler said that Mrs. Bishop had recovered from her indisposition, and that Miss Bishop would be down immediately. Orde had not long to wait for her. The swish-pat-pat of her joyous descent of the stairs brought him to his feet. She swept aside the portières, and stood between their folds, bidding him welcome.

"I'm so sorry about last night," said she, "but poor mother does depend on me so at such times. Isn't it a gorgeous day to walk? It won't be much like *our* woods, will it? But it will be something. *Oh*, I'm so glad to get out!"

She was in one of her elfish moods, the languid grace of her sleepy-eyed moments forgotten. With a little cry of rapture she ran to the piano, and dashed into a gay, tinkling little air with brilliancy and abandon. Her head, surmounted by a perky, high-peaked, narrow-brimmed hat with a flaming red bird in front, glorified by the braid and "waterfall" of that day, bent forward and turned to flash an appeal for sympathy toward Orde.

"There, I feel more able to stay on earth!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Now I'll get on my gloves and we'll start."

She turned slowly before the mirror, examining quite frankly the hang of her skirt, the fit of her close-cut waist, the turn of the adorable, round, low-cut collars that were then the mode.

"It pays to be particular; we are in New York," she answered, or parried, Orde's glance of admiration.

The gloves finally drawn on and buttoned, Orde held aside the portières and she passed fairly under his uplifted hand. He wanted to drop his arm about her, this slender girl with her quaint dignity, her birdlike ways, her gentle, graceful, mysterious, feminine soul. The flame-red bird lent its color to her cheeks; her eyes, black and fathomless, the pupils wide in the dim light, shone with delight like two stars.

But as they moved toward the massive front doors Mrs. Bishop came down the stairs behind them.

"You aren't thinking of going out, are you?" she asked.

"I told you, Mother, don't you remember? Mr. Orde and I are going to get a little air in the Park."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Bishop, with great brevity and decision, "but I'm going to the Rectory to help Mr. Merritt, and I shall want you to go too, to see about the silver."

"But, Mother," expostulated Carroll, "wouldn't Marie do just as well?"

"You know she can't be trusted without direction."

"I *do* so want to go to the Park!" said Carroll wistfully.

Mrs. Bishop's thin, nervous figure jerked spasmodically.

"There is very little asked of you from morning until night," she said with some asperity; "and I should think you'd have some slight consideration for the fact that I'm just up from a sick bed to spare me all you could. Besides which, you do very little for the church. I won't insist. Do exactly as you think best."

Carroll threw a pathetic glance at Orde.

"How soon are you going?" she asked her mother.

"In about ten minutes," replied Mrs. Bishop. "As soon as I've seen Honorine about the dinner." She seemed abruptly to realize that the amenities demanded something of her. "I'm sorry we must go so soon," she said briefly to Orde, "but, of course, church business. We shall hope to see you often."

Once more Orde held aside the curtains. The flame-bird dropped from the twilight of the hall into the dimness of the parlor. All the brightness seemed to have drained from the day, and all the joy of life seemed to have faded from the girl's soul. She sank into a chair, and tried pathetically to smile across at Orde.

"I'm such a baby about disappointments," said she.

"I know," he replied very gently.

"And it's such a blue-and-gold day."

"I know," he repeated.

She twisted her glove in her lap, a bright spot of color burning in each cheek.

"Mother is not well; and she has a great deal to try her. Poor mother!" she said softly, with her head cast down.

Evidently He had Something to Say, but Could Not Yet Trust His Voice

"I know," said Orde in his gentle tones.

After a moment he arose to go. She remained seated, her head down.

"I'm sorry about this afternoon," said he cheerfully, "but it couldn't be helped, could it? Jane used to tell me about your harp playing. I'm going to come in to hear you this evening. May I?"

"Yes," she said, in a stifled voice, and held out her hand.

She sat quite still until she heard the front door close after him; then she ran to the curtains and looked after his sturdy, square figure as it swung up the street.

"Well done, oh, well done, gentle heart!" she breathed after him. Then she went back to the piano.

Orde's visits were naturally as frequent as possible. To them almost instantly Mrs. Bishop opposed the strong and intuitive jealousy of egotism. She had as yet no fears as to the young man's intentions; but, instinctively, she felt an influence that opposed her own supreme dominance. In consequence Orde had much time to himself. Carroll and the rest of the family, with the possible exception of Gerald, shared the belief that the slightest real opposition to Mrs. Bishop would suffice to throw her into one of her "spells," a condition of alarming and possibly genuine collapse. "To drive Mother into a spell" was an expression of the worst possible domestic crime. It accused the perpetrator—through Mrs. Bishop—of forgetting the state of affairs, of ingratitude for care and affection, of common inhumanity, and of impiety in rendering impossible of performance the multifarious church duties Mrs. Bishop had invented and assumed as so many particularly shining virtues. Orde soon discovered that Carroll went out in society very little, for the simple reason that she could never give an unqualified acceptance to an invitation. At the last moment, when she had donned her street wraps and the carriage was at the door, she was liable to be called back either to assist at some religious function, which by its sacred character was supposed to have precedence over everything, or to attend a nervous crisis brought on by some member of the household or by mere untoward circumstances. The girl always acquiesced most sweetly in these recurrent disappointments. And the very fact that she accepted few invitations gave Orde many more chances to see her, in spite of Mrs. Bishop's increasing exactions. He did not realize this fact, however, but ground his teeth and clung blind-eyed to his temper whenever the mother cut short his visits or annulled his engagements on some petty excuse of her own. He could almost believe these interruptions malicious, were it not that he soon discovered Mrs. Bishop well disposed toward him personally whenever he showed himself ready to meet her even quarter-way on the topics that interested her—the church and her health.

In this manner the week passed. Orde saw as much as he could of Miss Bishop. The remainder of the time he spent walking the streets, and reading in the clubrooms to which Gerald's courtesy had given him access. Gerald himself seemed to be much occupied. Precisely at eleven every morning, however, he appeared at the gymnasium for his practice; and in this Orde dropped into the habit of joining him. When the young men first stripped in each other's presence they eyed each other with a secret surprise. Gerald's slender and elegant body turned out to be smoothly and gracefully muscled on the long lines of the Flying Mercury. His bones were small, but his flesh was hard, and his skin healthy with the flow of blood beneath. Orde, on the other hand, had earned from the river the torso of an ancient athlete. The round, full arch of his chest was topped by a mass of clean-cut muscle; across his back beneath the smooth skin the muscles rippled and ridged and dimpled with every movement; the beautiful curve of the deltoids, from the point of the shoulder to the arm, met the other beautiful curve of the unflexed biceps and that fullness of the back arm so often lacking in a one-sided development; the surface of the abdomen showed the peculiar corrugation of the very strong man; the round, columnar neck arose massive.

"By Jove!" said Gerald at last, roused from his habitual apathy.

"What's the matter?" asked Orde, looking up from tying the rubber-soled shoes that Gerald had lent him.

"Murphy, I say, Murphy," called Gerald, "come here!"

A very hairy, thick-set, bullet-headed man, the type of semi-professional "handlers," emerged from somewhere across the gymnasium.

"Do you think you could down this fellow?" asked Gerald.

Murphy looked Orde over critically.

"Who ye ringin' in on me?" he inquired.

"This is a friend of mine," said Gerald severely.

"Beg your pardon. The gentleman is well put up. How much experience has he had?"

"Ever box much?" Gerald asked Orde.

"Box?" Orde laughed. "Never had time for that sort of thing. Had the gloves on a few times."

"Where did you get your training, sir?" asked the handler.

"My training?" repeated Orde, puzzled. "Oh, I see! I was always pretty heavy, and I suppose the work on the river keeps a man in pretty good shape."

Gerald's languor had vanished, and a glint had appeared in his eye that would have reminded Orde of Miss Bishop's most mischievous mood, could he have seen it.

"Put on the gloves with Murphy," he suggested. "Will you? I'd like to see you two at it."

"Surely," agreed Orde good-naturedly. "I'm not much good at it, but I'd just as soon try." He was evidently not in the least afraid to meet the handler, though, as evidently, without much confidence in his own skill.

"All right, I'll be with you in a second," said Gerald, disappearing. In the anteroom he rang a bell, and to the boy who leisurely answered its summons he said rapidly

"Run over to the club and find Mr. Winslow, Mr. Clark, and whoever else is in the smoking-room, and tell them from me to come over to the gymnasium. Tell them there's some fun on."

Then he returned to the gymnasium floor, where Murphy was answering Orde's questions as to the apparatus. While the two men were pulling on the gloves, Gerald managed a word apart with the trainer.

"Can you do him, Murph?" he whispered.

"Sure!" said the handler. "Them kind's always as slow as dray horses. They gets muscle-bound."

"Give it to him," said Gerald, "but don't kill him. He's a friend of mine."

Then he stepped back, the same joy in his soul that inspires a riverman when he encounters a high-banker, a hunter when he takes out a greenhorn, or a cowboy as he watches the tenderfoot about to climb the bronco.

"Time!" said he.

The first round was sharp. When Gerald called the end, Orde grinned at him cheerfully.

"Don't look like I was much at this game, does it?" said he. "I wouldn't pull down many persimmons out of that tree. Your confounded man's too lively; I couldn't hit him with a shotgun."

Orde himself had stood still like a rock, his feet planted to the floor, while Murphy had circled around him, hitting at will. Orde hit back, but without landing. Nevertheless, Murphy, when questioned apart, did not seem satisfied.

"The man's pig-iron," said he. "I punched him plenty hard enough, and it didn't seem to jar him."

The gallery at one end the running track had by now half-filled with interested spectators.

"Time!" called Gerald for round two.

This time Murphy went in more viciously, aiming and measuring his blows accurately. Orde stood as before, a humorous smile of self-depreciation on his face, hitting back at the elusive Murphy, but without much effect, his feet never stirring in their tracks. The handler used his best tactics, and landed almost at will, but without apparent damage. He grew ugly; finally lost his head.

"Well, if ye will have it!" he muttered, and aimed what was intended as a knockout blow.

Gerald uttered a half-cry of warning as his practiced eye caught Murphy's intention. The blow landed. Orde's head snapped back, but, to the surprise of every one, the punch had no other effect, and a quick exchange of infighting sent Murphy staggering back from the encounter. The smile had disappeared from Orde's face, and his eye had calmed.

"Look here," he called to Gerald, "I don't understand this game very well. At school we used 'taps.' Is a man supposed to hit hard?"

Gerald hesitated; then looked beyond Orde to the gallery. To a man, it made frantic and silent demonstration.

"Of course you hit," he replied. "You can't hurt any one with those big gloves."

Orde turned back to his antagonist. The latter advanced once more, his bullet head sunk between his shoulders, his little eyes twinkling. Evidently, Mr. Bishop's friend would now take the aggressive; and forward movement would deliver an extra force to the professional's blows.

Orde did not wait for Murphy, however. Like a tiger he sprang forward, hitting out fiercely first with one hand, then with the other. Murphy gave ground, blocked, ducked, exerted all a ring general's skill either to stop or avoid the rush. Orde followed him, insistent. Several times he landed, but always when Murphy was on the retreat, so the blows had not much weight. Several times Murphy ducked in and planted a number of short-arm jabs at close range. The round ended almost immediately to a storm of applause from the galleries.

"What do you think of his being muscle-bound?" Gerald asked Murphy, as the latter flung himself panting on the wrestling mat for his rest.

"He's quick as chained lightning," acknowledged the other grudgingly. "But I'll get him. He can't keep that up; he'll be winded in half a minute."

Orde sat down on a roll of mat. His smile had quite vanished; and he seemed to be awaiting eagerly the beginning of the next round.

"Time!" called Gerald for the third.

Orde immediately sprang at his adversary, repeating the headlong rush with which the previous round had ended. Murphy blocked, ducked and kept away, occasionally delivering a jolt as opportunity offered, awaiting the time when Orde's weariness would leave him at the other's mercy. That moment did not come. The young man hammered away tirelessly, insistently, delivering a hurricane of his two-handed blows, pressing relentlessly in as Murphy shifted and gave ground, his head up, his eyes steady, oblivious to the return hammering the now desperate handler opposed to him. Two minutes passed without perceptible slackening in this terrific pace. The gallery was in an uproar, and some of the members were piling down the stairs to the floor. Perspiration stood out all over Murphy's body. His blows failed of their effect; and some of Orde's were landing. At length, bewildered more by the continuance than the violence of the attack, he dropped his ring tactics and closed in to straight slugging, blow against blow, stand up, give and take.

As he saw his opponent stand, Orde uttered a sound of satisfaction. He dropped slightly his right shoulder behind his next blow. The glove crashed straight as a pile-driver through Murphy's upraised hands to his face, which it met with a smack. The trainer, lifted bodily from the ground, hurled through the air and landed doubled up against the supports of a parallel bar. There he lay quite still, his palms up, his head sunk forward.

Orde stared at him a moment in astonishment as though expecting him to arise. When, however, he perceived that Murphy was in reality unconscious, he tore off the gloves and ran forward to kneel by the professional's side.

"I didn't suppose one punch like that would hurt him," he muttered to the men crowding around. "Especially with the gloves. Do you suppose he's killed?"

But already Murphy's arms were making aimless motions, and a deep breath raised his chest.

"He's just knocked out," reassured one of the men, examining the prostrate handler with a professional attention. "He'll be as good as ever in five minutes. Here," he commanded one of the gymnasium rubbers, who had appeared, "lend a hand here with some water."

The clubmen crowded about, all talking at once.

"You're a wonder, my friend," said one.

"By Jove, he's hardly breathing fast after all that rushing," said a second.

"So you didn't think one punch like that would hurt him?" quoted another with good-natured sarcasm.

She Came to Him and for a Moment Hid Her Face Against His Breast

"No," said Orde simply. "I've hit men that hard before with my bare fist."

"Did they survive?"

"Surely."

"What kind of armor-plates were they, in Heaven's name!"

Orde had recovered his balance and humor.

"Just plain, ordinary rivermen," said he with a laugh.

"Gentlemen," struck in Gerald, "I want to introduce you to my friend." He performed the introductions. It was necessary for him to explain apart that Orde was in reality his friend, an amateur, a chance visitor in the city. All in all, the affair made quite a little stir, and went far to give Orde a standing with these sport-loving youths.

Finally, Gerald and Orde were permitted to finish their gymnasium practice. Murphy had recovered, and came forward

"You have a strong punch, sir, and you're a born natural fighter, sir," said he. "If you had a few lessons in boxing, sir, I'd put you against the best."

But later, when the young men were resting, each under his sheet, after a rub-down, the true significance of the affair for Orde came out. Since the fight, Gerald's customary lassitude of manner seemed quite to have left him. His eye was bright, a color mounted beneath the pale olive of his skin, the almost effeminate beauty of his countenance had animated. He looked across at Orde several times, hesitated, and at last decided to speak.

"Look here, Orde," said he. "I want to confess something to you. When you first came here three days ago, I had lots of fun with myself about you. You know your clothes aren't quite the thing, and I thought your manner was queer, and all that. I was a cad. I want to apologize. You're a man, and I like you better than any fellow I've met for a long time, and if there's any trouble—in the future—that is—oh, hang it, I'm on your side; you know what I mean!"

Orde smiled slowly.

"Bishop," was his unexpected reply, "you're not near so much of a dandy as you think you are."

Affairs went thus for a week. Orde was much at the Bishop residence, where he was cordially received by the General, where he gained an occasional half-hour with Carroll, and where he was almost ignored by Mrs. Bishop in her complete self-absorption. Indeed it is to be doubted whether he attained any real individuality to that lady, who looked on all the world outside her family as useful or useless to the church.

In the course of the happy moments he had alone with Carroll he arrived at a more intimate plane of conversation with her. He came to an understanding of her unquestioning acceptance of Mrs. Bishop's attitude. Carroll truly believed that no one but herself could perform for her mother the various petty offices that lady demanded from her next of kin, and that her practical slavery was due by every consideration of filial affection. To Orde's occasional tentative suggestion that the service was of a sort better suited to a paid companion or even a housemaid, she answered quite seriously that it made Mother nervous to have others about her and that it was better to do these things than to throw her into a "spell." Orde chafed at first over seeing his precious opportunities thus filched from him; later he fretted because he perceived that Carroll was forced, however willingly, to labors beyond her strength, to irksome confinement, and to that intimate and wearing close association with the abnormal, which in the long run is bound to deaden the spirit. He lost sight of his own grievance in the matter. With perhaps somewhat of exaggeration he came mightily to desire for her more of the open air, both of body and spirit. Often when tramping back to his hotel he communed savagely with himself, turning the problem over and over in his mind, until like a snowball it had gathered to itself colossal proportions.

And in his hotel room he brooded over the state of affairs until his thoughts took a very gloomy tinge indeed. To begin with, in spite of his mother's assurance, he had no faith in his own cause. His acquaintance with her was but an affair of months; and their actual meetings comprised incredibly few days. Orde was naturally humble-minded. It did not seem conceivable to him that he could win her without a long courtship. And superadded was the almost intolerable weight of Carroll's ideas as to her domestic duties. Although Orde held Mrs. Bishop's exactions in very slight esteem, and was most skeptical in regard to the disasters that would follow their thwarting, nevertheless he had to confess to himself that all Carroll's training, life, the very purity and sweetness of her disposition, lent the situation an iron reality for her. He became much discouraged.

Nevertheless, at the very moment when he had made up his mind that it would be utterly useless even to indulge in hope for some years to come, he spoke. It came about suddenly, and entirely without premeditation.

The two had escaped for a breath of air late in the evening. Following the conventions, they merely strolled to the end of the block and back, always within sight of the house. Fifth Avenue was gay with illumination and the prancing of horses returning uptown or down to the Washington Square district. In contrast the side street,

The Glove Crashed Straight as a Pile-Driver Through Murphy's Upraised Hands

with its austere rows of brownstone houses, each with its area and flight of steps, its spaced gas lamps, its deserted roadway, seemed very still and quiet. Carroll was in a tired and pensive mood. She held her head back, breathing deeply.

"It's only a little strip; but it's the stars," said she, looking up to the sky between the houses. "They're so quiet and calm and big."

She seemed to Orde for the first time like a little girl. The maturer complexities which we put on with years, with experience, and with the knowledge of life had for the moment fallen from her, leaving merely the simple soul of childhood gazing in its eternal wonder at the stars. A wave of tenderness lifted Orde from his feet. He leaned over, his breath coming quickly.

"Carroll!" he said.

She looked up at him, and shrank back.

"No, no! You mustn't," she cried. She did not pretend to misunderstand. The preliminaries seemed in some mysterious fashion to have been said long ago.

"It's life or death with me," he said.

"I must not," she cried, fluttering like a bird. "I promised myself long ago that I must always, *always* take care of Mother."

"Please, please, dear," pleaded Orde. He had nothing more to say than this, just the simple incoherent symbols of pleading; but in such crises it is rather the soul than the tongue that speaks. His hand met hers and closed about it. It did not respond to his grasp, nor did it draw away, but lay limp and warm and helpless in his own.

She shook her head slowly.

"Don't you care for me, dear?" asked Orde very gently.

"I have no right to tell you that," answered she. "I have tried, oh, so hard! to keep you from saying this, for I knew I had no right to hear you."

Orde's heart leaped with a wild exultation.

"You do care for me!" he cried.

They had mounted the steps and stood just within the vestibule. Orde drew her toward him, but she repulsed him gently.

"No," she shook her head. "Please be very good to me. I'm very weak."

"Carroll!" cried Orde. "Tell me that you love me! Tell me that you'll marry me!"

"It would kill Mother if I leave her," she said sadly.

"But you must marry me," pleaded Orde. "We are made for each other. God meant us for each other."

"It would have to be after a great many years," she said doubtfully.

She pulled the bell, which jangled faintly in the depths of the house.

"Good-night," she said. "Come to me to-morrow. No, you must not come in." She cut short Orde's insistence and the eloquence that had just found its life, by slipping inside the half-open door and closing it after her.

Orde stood for a moment uncertain, then turned away and walked up the street, his eyes so blinded by the greater glory that he all but ran down an inoffensive passerby.

At the hotel he wrote a long letter to his mother. The first part was full of the exultation of his discovery. He told of his good fortune quite as something just born, utterly forgetting his mother's predictions before he came East. Then, as the first effervescence died, a more gloomy view of the situation came uppermost. To his heated imagination the deadlock seemed complete. Carroll's devotion to what she considered her duty appeared unbreakable. In the reaction Orde doubted whether he would have it otherwise. And then his fighting blood surged back to his heart. All the eloquence, the argument, the pleadings he should have commanded earlier in the evening hurried belated to their posts. After the manner of the young and imaginative when in the white fire of emotion, he began dramatizing scenes between Carroll and himself. He saw them plainly. He heard the sound of his own voice as he rehearsed the arguments which should break her resolution. A woman's duty to her own soul; her obligation toward the man she could make or mar by her love; her self-respect; the necessity of a break some time; the advantage of having the crisis over with now rather than later; a belief in the ultimate good even to Mrs. Bishop of throwing that lady more on her own resources; and so forth, and so on, down a list of arguments obvious enough or trivial enough, but all inspired by the soul of fervor, all ennobled by the spirit of truth that lies back of the major premise that a woman should cleave to a man, forsaking all others. Orde sat back in his chair, his eyes vacant, his pen all but falling from his hand. He did not finish his letter. After a while he went up to his room.

The fever of the argument coursed through his veins all that long night. Over and over again he rehearsed it in wearisome repetition until it had assumed a certain and almost invariable form. And when he had reached the end of his pleading he began it over again, until the daylight found him weary and fevered. He arose and dressed himself. He could eat no breakfast. By a tremendous effort of the will he restrained himself from going over to Ninth Street until the middle of the morning.

He entered the drawing-room to find her seated at the piano. His heart bounded, and for an instant he stood still, summoning his forces to the struggle for which he had so painfully gathered his ammunition. She did not look up as he approached, until he stood almost at her shoulder. Then she turned to him and held out both her hands.

"It is no use, Jack," she said. "I care for you too much. I will marry you whenever you say."

Orde left that evening early. This was at Carroll's request. She preferred herself to inform her family of the news.

"I don't know yet how Mother is going to get along," said she. "Come back to-morrow afternoon and see them all."

The next morning Orde, having at last finished and dispatched the letter to his mother, drifted up the Avenue and into the club. As he passed the smoking-room, he caught sight of Gerald seated in an armchair by the window. He entered the room, and took a seat opposite the young fellow.

Gerald held out his hand silently, which the other took.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Gerald at last. "Very glad. I told you I was on your side." He hesitated, then went on gravely: "Poor Carroll is having a hard time, though. I think it's worse than she expected. It's no worse than I expected. You are to be one of the family, so I am going to give you a piece of advice. It's something, naturally, I shouldn't speak of otherwise. But Carroll is my only sister, and I want her to be happy. I think you are the man to

(Continued on Page 27)

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What Happened in the Woodshed

WE HAD been taught to regard George B. Cortelyou as the model boy of the Presidential household. If he did, in an awful moment, stretch acquisitive fingers toward the jam-pots—in the shape of certain office-holding Southern Republicans who will have the choosing of delegates to the next national convention—and was, as a just consequence of that singular aberration, invited, more in sorrow than in anger, to present himself at the White House woodshed, whence, presently, arose strange and heart-moving sounds, we should like to know it.

The confidential correspondents to the President evidently wish us to believe so, and utter much veiled language for the obvious purpose of conveying that impression. Although we had looked upon the Secretary of the Treasury as one who might be trusted with untied delegates as implicitly as we would trust Mr. Fairbanks with any uncorked potable except buttermilk, we know that to err is human; and we would not assert that the thing is impossible.

But the motives of the confidential correspondents to the President are often even more veiled than their language, and for better reasons. Being a strictly self-elected body they have not the sense of responsibility that they would have if it were in anybody's power to depose them. It has sometimes happened, we understand, that the less of the President's confidence they enjoyed the more confidential they became. So we are doubtful.

What, if anything, did really happen to Mr. Cortelyou? Can anybody produce the identical shingle or locate, with a cross, the exact corner of the woodshed where it happened?

Dodging the Tax Collector

FRANCE and England are trying whether the two Governments cannot coöperate in the delicate matter of running down tax-dodgers.

Too often the opulent Englishman has found in sunny France a pleasant refuge from the income-tax collector, while rich citizens of the Republic have sometimes discouraged fresh imposts by a threat to retire, with their goods and chattels, to England. In our own country the custom of taking up legal residence in some hamlet, the authorities of which would gratefully receive whatever contributions to the local exchequer a rich settler chose to make, is not so popular nor serviceable as formerly.

Possibly the time is coming when some exertion beyond the simple and ancient one of swearing to a lie will actually be necessary in order to save personal property, in large accumulations, from having to contribute to the support of government. But the most enlightened students of the question do not think so. To them the case seems so absolutely helpless that they are in favor of giving it up.

The Scholar and the Dollar

TO PRESERVE social equality in the schools, or to introduce it rather, is an object ardently pursued, but without much success.

Many boards of education have denounced high-school fraternities, and the courts generally have affirmed their power to forbid secret societies among pupils, or to penalize the members.

In the higher walks, school authorities have made less progress. President Wilson's project to democratize Princeton is, to say the best, in abeyance. Dean Wright, of Yale, points out that the students who live in costly private lodgings average lower in scholarship than the commonalty who dwell on the campus. But the dispatches mention no exodus from the luxurious quarters. At Harvard, and elsewhere, social exclusiveness and ostentation of rich undergraduates are officially deplored, but seem not to abate.

Whether the poor boy learns, while in high school, that he cannot go to the rich boy's party, or learns it while at college, or the knowledge is deferred until after graduation, seems to us immaterial. We do not observe any sign in society at large that those who are able to spend much money are foregoing the precious privilege to set themselves apart socially—a privilege which they derive from that quality.

Rigid discipline, from the cradle up, is necessary in order to make children anything else than completely democratic. But, at about high-school age, the portentous fact that papa has the dough will naturally begin to impress itself, cumulatively, upon the ripening understanding.

The school condition which the authorities combat simply and accurately reflects the condition outside school.

The Best Security for Banks

THE fallacy that stocks and bonds deposited as collateral to a loan are a better security than merchants' notes prevails to a surprising degree. The truth is just the reverse.

When there is urgent need to liquidate, stocks and bonds cannot be converted into cash except to a very limited degree, because there is then no surplus money, upon the supply of which their market depends.

The merchant's note represents articles of use, the demand for which never ceases. The process by which he may liquidate never suffers the complete paralysis which sometimes afflicts the stock and bond market.

The circulating notes of the Bank of France rest (after the gold reserve) upon the twelve hundred million francs of short-time notes of French merchants held by the institution, and the notes of the Bank of Germany (aside from gold) upon similar paper. It is the best security.

We believe there has not, in many years, been any failure of a large bank in the United States, the loans and discounts of which consisted of merchants' paper. The banks that have failed have been those which, under the form of loans on collateral, have tied up money in assets that were inconvertible in time of stress.

When we get that Government bank, its chief credit function, we hope, will consist in rediscounting commercial paper.

The Foundation of a Sound Currency

THERE are, in round numbers, a thousand million dollars of notes in the United States, one-third, roughly, being the Government's "greenbacks," and two-thirds issues of national banks. Liability for the redemption, in gold, of the whole amount rests upon the Treasury Department, and the Treasury holds, at this writing, two hundred and fifty millions of gold which is available for meeting that liability. In short, the notes that circulate as money are backed by a twenty-five per cent. gold reserve—and the credit of the Government.

An excuse for stating these well-thumbed facts is found in the notion, held by a considerable number of persons, that any change in our currency system must introduce some element of hazard where none whatever now exists; that even the circulating notes issued by a Government bank would be less absolutely beyond question than the notes now issued by national banks—which are everywhere deemed good because they are guaranteed by the Government.

Behind the Bank of England note is a gold reserve of sixty per cent. and behind the notes of the Bank of France about fifty per cent. in gold. Our twenty-five per cent. would be considered too small in Germany. We do not bother about the actual reserve, however. What we really count upon is the credit of the Government.

Money to Burn

THE foreign trade statement for November is characterized as splendid. We broke the record by selling abroad two hundred and four million dollars' worth of goods. Imports amounted to a hundred and ten millions, leaving a balance in our favor of ninety-four millions on the face of the returns. The actual balance was smaller, because export values are often overstated in custom-house manifests, and import values are sometimes understated.

It is very good to have created so large a credit abroad at a time when we had special need of foreign gold; but we might have done better. Of the exports, one hundred and twenty-three million dollars were products of the farm and of petroleum—articles as to which Providence and native ingenuity have so signally favored us that not even a mediæval commercial policy can seriously affect our supremacy. In respect to manufactures, although we have the advantage of the greatest natural resources and the most efficient labor in the world, we did poorly. The imports for the month were charged with an average tariff tax of about twenty-four per cent.—that is, for the foreign goods brought in during November, people will pay about twenty-five million dollars more than they are worth—which is not the best possible manner of meeting a condition that calls for retrenchment.

The Government will get the money. To spend it in some way or other is an essential part of the stand-pat policy. Seven million dollars' worth of fortifications to defend Asiatic possessions, which many Americans hope we will finally be able to give away, is a logical deduction from a forty-four per cent. tariff.

Ten Shillings a Day in Wages

OPTIMISTIC Macaulay ventured to suggest, in 1848, that, in the twentieth century, a carpenter might receive ten shillings a day. He thought that would be incidental to an increase in British prosperity as wonderful as that which had taken place from the reign of Charles II to the time in which he wrote.

At the beginning of the period a shilling a day was thought excellent wages for an English mechanic; weavers got sixpence; wages of agricultural laborers were fixed by justices of the peace, under all the pains and penalties of the law, at four shillings a week, without food; and about a quarter of the population received relief from the poor fund during a year.

Carpenters in the United States have received nearly double ten shillings a day, and there has been a state of prosperity which would have surprised even Macaulay.

Mr. Gompers' idea that labor should oppose wage reductions as a matter of social duty and in order to prevent business depression is by no means so fantastic an economic proposition as many of his critics have lightly declared it to be.

Deep-Sea Philanthropy

A DISTINGUISHED Chicagoan, himself justly entitled to the third degree both as a philanthropist and an ironmaster, rises to remark that, if Mr. Carnegie, instead of endowing the famous institute which bears his name, had taken the twelve million dollars and cast it into the midst of the sea, the country would be better off.

He pointedly asks whether Mr. Carnegie's own phenomenal success in the steel trade was attributable to men who have received technical education in schools or to those who gained their experience from youth in the mills and the offices. No one acquainted with the history of the Carnegie enterprises can be in doubt about the answer. Why spend twelve millions, then, says the Chicagoan, to endow a school the graduates of which will be distanced by mechanics and clerks? Why take the grave risk of ruinously handicapping many thousands of ambitious young men when the money might be bestowed in the capacious bosom of the ocean without the slightest possibility of harming any one?

On purely educational grounds the argument seems to us quite inconclusive. Unlettered genius will take care of itself; but geniuses are the exception.

On other grounds, however, we feel favorably inclined toward a deep-sea school of philanthropy such as the eminent Chicagoan suggests. A few bales of Steel Corporation securities ceremoniously committed to the bounding billows would presumably mean cheaper nails, tin-pans and barbed wire, since the necessity of weighting the prices of those articles sufficiently to produce dividends on the securities would be removed.

Much philanthropy has had its beginning in stock-watering. A return to the native element would be poetic.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Is Elihu still en Root for the White House?

¶ When in Rome have the courage to do as you do at home.

¶ Some women love their sons-in-law; others pay them long visits.

¶ Even though this is leap year, the girls should look before they jump.

¶ Many a man who dictates to his stenographer takes orders from his wife.

¶ Men are so hungry for optimism that they welcome even the cheerful liar.

¶ It is all very well to bend the twig, but look out that you don't deform the tree.

¶ The true statesman is always busy with two offices: the one he has and the one he hopes for.

¶ We are all made of dust, and some of us seem always to need a little more of the raw material.

¶ It is an open question whether a bigamist ought to be sent to jail or made to support two wives.

The Diary of a Fool Investor

I—Jonah Quick Discovers the Secret of Immediate Wealth

But the Joy of Mr. Careless was Short-Lived. He Fell Raving Upon the Floor of the Desert

Around our ears the Gold Bug sings
The song he's always sung.
Fools reach to grasp his gilded wings —
Stung, stung! —*The Song of a Dummy Director.*

January 6.—I have just finished Midas Jones, the Boy Plunger. It is a very useful book for one wishing to be a conservative investor and who wants to learn how to get around those Wall Street operators and sharpers. Here is the way the author describes Midas Jones:

> His small but military figure gave an almost ceaseless effect of urgency in action and the stress of an unconquerable Purpose. His almost fierce gray eyes were qualified, as it were, by a certain dreamy expression which proclaimed fleetingly that behind Purpose lay Imagination. His mouth, though firm, was pliant; his chin massive in its power. Midas was twenty-three years of age and in love. Grasping the ticker-tape steadily in his sinewy right hand he seemed to devour the quotations with his eyes —

January 18.—I've been studying myself in the mirror for over an hour this morning. It seems to me that I am not unlike Midas Jones in general appearance. I am what Pa calls "spindlin'," but when I stand with my chest out I'm pretty good. I can get the fierce yet dreamy combination on my eyes without half trying, and my mouth is firm but pliant nearly all the ti

I haven't what you might call a "powerful chin"—it's rather a *retrousé* chin, in fact; but there's no knowing what the Big Money Game will do for a fellow's face when he goes into it.

Also, like Midas Jones, I am twenty-three years old and in love.

January 19.—People lose lots of money by being too timid. Why, I read in a magazine the other day how a Harvard Professor goes down to Wall Street every once in a while and offers people five-dollar gold pieces at twenty-five cents a dozen—and people won't buy 'em! They're afraid of being buncoed. You bet if I went to Wall Street I'd hunt for that Harvard Professor the first crack out of the box.

January 20.—Yes, like Midas Jones, I am in love—and with two girls at once! One of them is a heart-throb, the other a brainstorm. Katydid Moss is just a trusting, clinging sort of a bird-girl who thinks that I have a Great Future. Caryatid Stone is a member of the Portia Club, and is studying for the bar. She says that I may die hard, but I was certainly born easy. When I talk about investing in stocks she says that I ought to be sent up for one hundred and one years under the Pure Fool Law. She won't let me argue about the money market. She says that F. Augustus Heinze is the man who discovered 27 varieties—and that I'm all those varieties and then some.

As soon as I make my Big Hit of course both of these girls will be crazy to marry me. Which would be the most suitable to my temperament? Katydid would make a nice helpmeet to soothe the brow of care—but there's no denying the fact that there's something stimulating about Caryatid.

January 21.—I have $112.56 in the Quietus Savings Bank. Many a great fortune has been built on less. This institution pays me [illegible] on my money—this seems too silly to laugh at.

The newspapers are full of nice-looking advertisements for Conservative Investments, promising to pay from 100% to 1000% in a year "with comparatively no risk." That seems fair.

January 22.—Of course there's an Element of Chance in every investment.

January 23.—I have decided to write for prospectuses to the following companies, all of which sound very safe:

The Kalamazoo Canned Sunshine Corporation.
The Little Chimera Mining Syndicate.
The Doolittle Table Salt Company, Unlimited.

January 28.—The Secretary of the Canned Sunshine concern writes me from New York that their President is taking a short vacation at Ossining-on-the-Hudson. As soon as he returns they shall be glad to take my order for any amount of stock. I don't think I'll wait. There are too many sure things lying around.

February 1.—Well, I made one hundred dollars! How did I do it? By not investing in the Little Chimera Mining Syndicate, which has just gone out of business. To clear one hundred dollars in a day is not such a slouchy clean-up for a beginner.

February 5.—I got the following reply to my letter sent to the Secretary of the Doolittle Table Salt Company:

JONAH QUICK, Esq.

Dear Sir:—We are advised by our brokers that you are investing in stocks. We congratulate you on the fact that you are looking into such a superior field as the Doolittle Table Salt Mines of Arizona. Every schoolboy has heard how these mines were discovered; how, in 1905, our mining expert, O. B. Careless, was lost in the Arizona Desert and was dying of thirst. While waiting for death to come to his relief Mr. Careless passed away the time by prodding the sandy soil of the desert with his walking-stick—when lo! a small mound of some white deposit was revealed. Half suspecting the truth the shrewd engineer placed a particle of this white substance on his tongue and was delighted to realize that it was 99⅞% pure table salt! But the joy of Mr. Careless was short-lived. Already maddened by thirst the action of the salt upon his parched membranes drove him into a delirium. He fell raving upon the floor of the desert, where he was rescued two weeks later by a peaceful band of Piute Indians.

As soon as he was convalescent from the effects of this terrible ordeal, Mr. Careless enlisted the sympathy of several well-known philanthropists and organized his discovery into a stock company. It has ever been the stern purpose of our corporation to keep the stocks out of the hands of the greedy Wall Street manipulators of the Heinze and Green type. We wish to let every freeborn and trust-hating citizen of this great Republic in on the Ground Floor. In order that our stocks may be within the reach of all we are selling them at the rate of a dime a share in blocks of 1000 shares. May we put you down for such a subscription? Although these stocks will doubtless jump from ten cents to four or five dollars in a week, we have no objection to our customers selling their stocks at any price they can get.

Hoping for an early reply, we remain, dear friend,
Very faithfully yours,
I. CLUTCH, *Secretary.*

I Haven't What You Might Call a "Powerful Chin," but There's No Knowing What the Big Money Game Will Do for a Fellow's Face When He Goes into It

I showed the letter to Katydid. She was delighted, and said, "Jonah, that letter has the ring of truth about it."

I showed the letter to Caryatid. I'm afraid she wasn't impressed. "One touch of faker makes the whole world kin," she said.

There is something in Katydid's nature that appeals to me.

Thursday, the 12th.—I have decided to invest one hundred dollars in the Doolittle Table Salt stocks.

Friday, the 13th.—I have invested.

Tuesday, the 17th.—I have chosen Katydid! It occurred on the way home from the Quietus Junior Financiers' social, to which we went together, at my invitation, last evening. She said to me that any young man that could make as fine a speech as I did on the "Dangers of Wall Street" could have her. Our wedding will take place when Doolittle Table Salt goes to par.

Caryatid was very nice about it. When she congratulated Katydid she said: "Dearest, you ought to be very happy. You are going to marry a good thing."

February 18.—Got two dollars as my first dividend from the Table Salt Company, with the following letter:

Dear Sir:—Please find inclosed two dollars as your first monthly dividend. This is paying you at the rate of 24% on your investment. We expect, of course, that this dividend will double itself each month—which is more than Standard Oil or Union Pacific do for their stockholders. Faithfully yours,
I. CLUTCH, *Secretary.*

P. S.—Could we interest you in our ten-year installment scheme for our Amalgamated Radium stocks? We regard this as one of the most brilliant financial schemes of the century. I. C.

I wrote to Mr. Clutch, saying that my twelve dollars balance in the bank would hardly make it worth while for me to invest in this new stock, although it sounded tempting. He replied as follows:

Dear Friend:—Although it is a bit irregular, send us your twelve dollars as a first monthly installment on 1200 shares of this property. The dividends, we predict, will be so large that they will, automatically, pay off each monthly installment of twelve dollars a month for ten months. By the time the last installment is thus easily paid off your stocks will be worth from one thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars.

I. CLUTCH,
Secretary.

P. S.—Theodore Roosevelt, Daniel Frohman and King Leopold will probably consent to act as directors. This shows the high financial rating of our enterprises.
I. C.

Of course I sent my twelve dollars as soon as I could draw it from the bank. Rather neat, eh?

The Yankee Invasion—A Sequel

The American Trade Baby on the British Doorstep

The Average American Corporation President Goes Over to London Every Other Summer to See Why English Trade isn't Growing

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

REMEMBER how the American magazines suddenly blossomed six or seven years ago with articles about the "Yankee Invasion of England"?

Beautiful pictures of American shoe-shops in Cheapside and Oxford Street, American bridges being built over English rivers, American machinery in British factories, American locomotives running on English railways, American presses printing London newspapers, and all that sort of thing.

A book about the American invaders appeared in London, wherein an English journalist showed how industry after industry was being wrested from John Bull by his cousin Jonathan. One passage in this little volume was very widely reprinted:

The average Londoner now rises from his New England sheets, shaves with an American shaving-soap and a Yankee safety-razor, pulls on his Brockton boots over socks from North Carolina, fastens his Connecticut braces, slips his Waltham or Waterbury watch in his pocket, and sits down to breakfast.

There he congratulates his wife on the way her Illinois straight-front corset sets off her Massachusetts blouse, and tackles his breakfast, where he eats bread made from prairie flour, tinned oysters from Baltimore, and a little Kansas City bacon, while his wife plays with a slice of Chicago ox-tongue. The children are given American breakfast food. At the same time he reads his morning paper, printed by American machines on American paper with American ink, and possibly edited by a smart journalist from New York City.

He rushes out, catches the electric tram (New York) to Shepherd's Bush, where he gets in a Yankee elevator to take him to the American-fitted electric tube railway to the city.

At his office he sits on a Nebraskan swivel chair, before a Michigan roll-top desk, writes his letters on a Syracuse typewriter, signing them with a New York fountain-pen, and drying them with a blotting-sheet from New England. The letter copies are put away in files manufactured in Grand Rapids.

At lunch-time he hastily swallows some cold roast beef from a Mid-West cow, flavors it with Pittsburg pickles, followed by a few Delaware tinned peaches, and then soothes his mind with a couple of Virginia cigarettes.

When evening comes he seeks relaxation at the latest American musical comedy, drinks an American cocktail or some California wine, and finishes up with a couple of little liver pills made in America.

This good ship "Yankee Invasion" was a fair craft. She sailed for the British Isles, manned by a full crew of Yankee salesmen, and promised to be a cup-winner in foreign trade. But to-day her hulk lies, broadly speaking, about twenty fathoms deep off a rockbound coast.

"You'll need a diver to find her," declared an American of long experience in London. "Some of our people are doing a fine business here. They came with sensible plans for winning trade. They brought good stuff, and waited for the English to appreciate it. But two-thirds of the so-called invaders who attracted attention a few years ago were after 'easy business.' And there's very little of that in Great Britain."

Cawn't be Turning Out Boots to Fit Everybody, You Know —What a Rare Lot of Boots We Should Keep on 'And. My Eye! that *Would* be a Rum Go

The Old-Fashioned British Foot-Container

TO THE outward eye John Bull is always tottering into commercial senility in his home trade. He invites competition. Indeed, the word "competition" is decidedly flattering. For his superficial appearance is such that coming in to take his home market looks like grabbing a little boy's stick of candy. But many an American concern, deceived by this characteristic, has entered John Bull's market in a holiday fashion, only to find itself outside the door again in a few months. It has not always known, either, how it got there. But it was clear that, in John's own phrase, it had "been had."

A typical illustration of American invading methods is found in the shoe trade that looked so promising a few years ago.

Until our manufacturers went to London and opened their own retail shops the English knew little of modern shoes. Their home product was comprised in two varieties of footwear—ready-made and custom-made. The former, turned out in factories with old-fashioned machinery, was furnished in seldom more than one width to the size, and often not even in half sizes. The shapes were curiously crude, unhandsome, uncomfortable. The British idea had always been to demand as much leather in a shoe as could be put into it at the price. The wet climate justifies this, to some extent, and before the spread of street-cars through Great Britain the people had to do more walking. Laborers wore, and still wear, great, thick clogs studded with hobnails; but the trams have brought demand for lighter footwear.

You went into a shop and tried on a few of these ready-made shoes. Nothing was found to fit you within reason. The shopman and his assistants were sorry, but not ashamed. So was the manufacturer, perhaps—if he ever heard about it. Really, my dear sir, didn't you see it was the fault of your feet? Cawn't be turning out boots to fit everybody, you know—what a rare lot of boots we should keep on 'and. My eye! that *would* be a rum go. You must have your boots bespoke, sir.

And so you had them (oh, rare word) *bespoke* from the cobbler.

He measured your unstandardized feet and built for them a pair of containers that, in lines, draft, beam and loaded displacement, resembled two Brooklyn ferryboats passing each other in a strong tide. That was the bespoke article. It lacked only the Plimsoll mark.

Our Yankee welt shoes went into Britain like an army with banners.

They were comfortable, light, neat. They were made in every reasonable width to each size, and a few unreasonable ones at either end of the scale, and in half sizes and even quarter sizes. They spread all over the Kingdom in a few months, and were pushed by the British shopman, demanded by the British consumer, and began to double steadily in sales from month to month.

Then the American manufacturers virtually left this lusty foreign trade infant on John Bull's doorstep and ran away home again.

To-day, it is said, only one American shoe concern has in London a trade that may be considered healthy and growing. Other manufacturers still maintain shops, but, because home trade began to press them five years ago, they have left English development in suspension, in the belief that when business again grows slack in this country they can return to England and follow up their advantage. While they have been busy at home, however, that advantage has been taken away from them.

When British shoe manufacturers saw what was being done in their own market they sent to America and got Yankee shoe machinery and Yankee shoe operatives and foremen. About the time they got their first improved products into the shops the British consumer began to have his doubts in the matter of American shoes. We had been sending purely American patterns to John Bull, whereas his climate requires something a bit more solid. In his West country, for instance, the rains are tropical in volume. In Belfast people are so accustomed to rain that they do not consider it worth while to roof their cabs or ferryboats.

That single American shoe manufacturer who has held his position in London went painstakingly into these necessary changes and improvements, and held his trade. But others have not even taken the precaution to keep their stocks complete. One company with a chain of stores in this country has a single shop in London and can fit a man with servicea' footwear in American patterns. When the man goes bac., for shoes for his wife, however, this company can only send the order to its home office in America, though in the United States its trade in women's shoes is very large. It takes six weeks to fill such an order.

When a Shoe was Not a Shoe

A STORY is told of one American manufacturer who sent a hundred thousand pairs of shoes to London, advertising them widely as "shoes." And they *were* shoes in our meaning of the word—fitted with high uppers. But only the low-upper footgear goes by that name in England. High-upper footgear for winter wear is called a "boot." Much money was spent in exploitation. But the public did not respond, because this stock was offered at the beginning of winter, and readers of the advertising inferred that this manufacturer was trying to close out summer goods.

In one way American trade has profited immensely from the introduction of our shoes. It is trade, not in shoes, however, but in Yankee shoe machinery. A very large proportion of the shoe machinery used in our home factories is leased, not purchased, and paid for according to its output instead of its value. American shoe machinery interests have secured such a foothold in Britain, it is said, that manufacturers are forbidden to install one independent machine in their plants, on penalty of having the whole equipment withdrawn. In one Yorkshire factory the equipment is so thoroughly American that but one machine has been altered in any way, and that very slightly, with permission, to adapt it to heavier British work.

The British shoe manufacturer has free hides and leather to aid him, and cheaper labor, and more or less control of trade organization. With these advantages he has steadily gone ahead, and now virtually possesses his own market again. It is true that he trembles a bit at the thought of another invasion by the Yankees, and doubtless the latter would enter his market next time more intelligently. The Briton is handicapped, too, by the inability of his operatives to work quickly, where our factory hands willingly speed, and seem to suffer little under pressure; there is something different in the British workman's constitution that often leads to a breakdown when he is spurred. For many generations the ideal type of laborer in England has been the man who could lift most. And, save in one or two cases, the British manufacturer has not learned the cardinal principle of Yankee shoe production—that of advertising goods and insisting that they be sold under manufacturers' labels. He turns out a product that readily wins its way into the consumer's favor. But he yields to pressure from the retailer, and puts the latter's label on every small order, thus giving the retailer the prestige for all excellence there may be in the shoe, and remaining unknown to the consumer himself.

When the Breakfast Foods Failed

BRITISH manufacturers, too, will install Yankee machinery without regard for the American ways of laying out a plant—a very important part of our success. Yet, with all these handicaps, the Briton will be a tough antagonist in the event of another invasion of his home market.

And he won't stop there, either.

We know very little yet of foreign trade. Every foreigner who deals with us has to sigh regretfully at times because the Yankee is not an exporter—and in some instances has had to sue him for loss of trade through neglect to deliver goods. Now, if there is one thing that John Bull *does* know it is foreign trade. His sons have been going to every corner of the earth for three centuries, and in the details of fitting them out alone he has had opportunities to experiment with his stuff in all climates. So that when the Yankee goes for other foreign shoe markets five years or so hence he may find John Bull there ahead of him.

English and Irish millers, after a grievous blow to their trade through competition of Minneapolis mills, have now won back much of the flour business through adoption of Yankee machinery and methods.

One interesting catastrophe in the recent Yankee invasion was the failure of the American flake breakfast food, upon which great sums were spent for advertising. It is commonly stated that such foods are not agreeable to the British palate. But a Yankee advertising agent recently investigated this matter among the British grocers, and found that the flake foods failed because they were not adapted to a damp climate. The British liked them well enough, but the food spoiled as soon as the package was opened. It is said that American steelmakers have signally failed to build enduring trade in England, despite their spectacular entry into that market about the time the Steel Trust was formed.

Two of the American electrical companies went to England about the same time, and one secured wide attention by the way in which its plant was built and installed. The latter's business increased in volume until 1902, when it had trebled. Then the home competition, as well as that of Germany, began to tell. The English have been especially keen to adopt all that was good in Yankee methods in that industry. The Yankee concern was overcapitalized and conducted in an expensive way. It had to reduce its capital (a dreadful come-down in England) and has not paid dividends in four years. Nor has the other American electrical company been prosperous. One of these concerns, however (and perhaps both), has undoubtedly laid a secure foundation for future business. Both also have that immeasurable advantage, their own factories in England.

An examination of conditions in England, with a census of Yankee invaders, successful and the reverse, shows that real progress demands a British factory, manned by British workmen, and a sales force made up of British salesmen. Administration and methods had better be American or, rather, what is known in England as "quiet American."

Nearly every Yankee concern now in England to stay has become at least half English. Sometimes the actual product is manufactured here at home, as in the case of the Yankee piano player, but sold there through an English limited liability company, with its retail business built upon an English concern that was bought out as the first step. In others a small sales agency has grown to a point where some of the stuff could be made in England, and from that a modest factory was started and grew. In almost every instance the man with limited capital to devote to the British home market has succeeded better than the big trust, because, being a small man, he had to go over there and take his coat off and get to work.

Some American houses seem to think that they have gone into foreign trade when their goods have been introduced into a few royal palaces. This is almost the first thing the Yankee sets out after Royalty and the Peerage.

An American magazine publisher came home after a summer in London and said to his circulation manager: "Here's the name of an Englishman who thinks he can get us some subscribers over there; write and make a deal with him." The manager wrote, salary was arranged, the Englishman said he would get right to work. Six weeks later he sent the names of a dozen noblewomen and twice as many lord mayoresses. But there was no remittance. When asked about that, the new man explained that his subscribers had kindly consented to receive the magazine without charge. Being an American periodical, he had assumed this was the sort of patronage it wanted.

"London branch" is another pitfall. Many an American house goes no further than adding this phrase to its stationery. It stands for a good deal here at home, however, even though there's no British business.

"Going to Europe?" says the manufacturer to the jobber in Kansas City. "Fine! You'll have the time of your life. Make your headquarters at our London branch 517 Holborn Viaduct."

That usually bowls the jobber over. He has always thought of the manufacturer as an important figure in the trade. But this carries him right around the world. "Our London branch!" He feels at home in Europe already. And the London manager spends half the summer entertaining these trade tourists.

This Good Ship "Yankee Invasion" Sailed for the British Isles, Manned by a Full Crew of Yankee Salesmen

It would be difficult to find an instance where a capable Yankee in London, backed up properly by his people here at home with capital, intelligence and the right goods, has made a failure in the British market. But probably not one American house in five has ever backed its London man intelligently.

Why the Fish Get Away

THE average American corporation president goes over to London every other summer for rest. Also to see why English trade isn't growing. He hasn't shipped goods promptly. He hasn't made the models needed for British trade. He is deaf to pleas for just a tiny bit of a branch factory, and hasn't even furnished printed matter with prices in English money. Yet he fancies that in some way his presence as head of the house for one week in London is going to stimulate trade. Every night he and the London man dine together, then go to the theatre. Every day, between sights, the Old Man calls on people in the trade, chats pleasantly, takes their cards, turns them over to the manager just as he is leaving for the steamer, and says, "All you have to do is close these deals." Later, at home, he thinks it strange that nothing ever came of those delightful talks he had with pleasant Englishmen. Later, too, he remembers sundry promises made to the London manager—at odd moments between acts, when his head was full of the Empire ballet, he agreed to be more loyal to that lonely fellow over in London, trying to cover all Europe from an office twenty feet square. But a big rush order comes in from Akron, and he forgets.

Many a big fish has been hooked by Yankees in the British market.

But most of them got away.

Imitation Goods at Imitation Prices

THERE is a certain manufacturing concern in our Middle West that is known as the Trust in its industry. It has about three-fourths of the trade, but is being pressed by some active competitors. It has several factories scattered about the United States, and valuable patents and processes. Through consolidation of concerns that developed its product from the beginning, it is far and away the best equipped to turn out goods of highest quality. Here at home, both with the trade and the public, its label means Best.

Well, this Trust went to London five years ago. Its product throughout Europe was represented by a quality of manufactures that has been obsolete in America fully twenty years. When it opened in Holborn Viaduct the stolid British manufacturer of these back-number things was skeptical. "Ho, yus! You think our public'll have that, I dare say. Just you try it on."

To his astonishment, the British public responded, though the American product cost several times as much as the home article. Then the British manufacturer ate his crow quite humbly and began to compete.

His first attempts were in the nature of a caricature. But he sold them at caricature prices. In a year, by wholesale copying of the Yankee stuff, he got a fair imitation—and asked an imitation price. Yet another year, and the imitation had become an approximation.

To-day he is selling something two-thirds as good as the Yankee product for half the price. British consumers are keen judges of quality. They see that the Yankee stuff is still best. But they also see that the British product offers more for the money. And the British product is steadily improving, while the Yankee concern has been almost studied in its neglect of the British market. Despite the Irishman's hatred of everything British, and his preference for Yankee stuff, this Trust has never sent a traveling salesman to Ireland. Its first London manager put up with neglect three years, then made an alliance with one of the Trust's largest competitors and went into business on his own account in London. *He* is now getting into the trade right. The Trust sends abroad its American catalogue, with a leaflet of British prices tipped into the cover. British customers compare the two, and find that British prices, freight being added, are naturally higher. They always want to know why. There is no way of getting prices on repair parts except by cable. There are no tables of weight or cubic measurement of goods boxed—indispensable to the importer. There is an ugly trade situation in this particular industry in England. As in the shoe trade there, a manufacturer dare not put his label on his own products, but affixes that of the retailer. A similar situation was solved by that Trust in this country. It could solve the same problem in England the same way, and at reasonable cost. It hasn't even tried, however.

That concern imagines it has a branch in London. But some day, when it really wants the British trade, it will return to find that John Bull has captured it himself.

An American in London has reason to be ashamed of certain of his compatriots he sees there—loud voices, bad manners, shallow intelligence. He wonders where they live when at home. There is also such a thing as the loud and shallow Yankee tourist in business affairs.

John Bull can usually give any invader a stiff fight in competition, owing to his advantages in raw materials and cheap labor. He can strike below the belt, too. Trade organizations suddenly solidify under the Yankee's attack. Sometimes his family unite to help him resist.

In Oxford Street, London, is a theatre, its front decorated, and bearing large signs stating that it forms part of the circuit of a well-known American manager, who has playhouses all over the United States.

This manager had for years contracted with English vaudeville actors for his home circuits, booking them through English managers. He conceived the idea of opening a London house of his own, playing English attractions there, and then booking them direct in America. So

a lease was signed for this Oxford Street playhouse, it was redecorated, and a date set for opening. Everything appeared to be going normally.

But on the day before his London début, it is reported, this Yankee was waited upon by an association of London managers.

"We want you to shut that house and go back home," they said.

"Why should I?" asked the American.

"Because," they said, "if you open it we shall refuse to book on our English circuits any actor who plays in your London house. That's why."

When the American had turned this dictum over two minutes he agreed to abandon his opening date for no English actor could be expected to shut himself out of his home theatres for the sake of a tour in the States. So this theatre is closed, boarded up, the impressive signs torn. But it is understood that the American still pays rent upon it and theatre rents are not low in England.

Was it Von Moltke who said he knew several ways to take an army into England, but didn't know any way of getting one out? That's pretty much the trade situation, too.

Notwithstanding his long experience in foreign parts, John Bull has little love for foreigners. The Yankee may be received with more warmth, because he was once English, too. But "Made in England" is a potent war cry, and John regards every invasion of his home market as diabolical. He writes to the newspapers about it, and charges "dumping." This term is frequently heard. It expresses his sincere conviction that, just because he happens to be an international good fellow in the matter of tariff, some manufacturer in an outlandish foreign country has stolen a lot of raw material, and hired coolie labor, and made up a lot of merchandise, and sent it to England, freight free, in some mysterious way, and is selling it below cost. All to ruin John Bull's home industries. That the invader hopes to make money seems never to enter John's head. He puts it down to international spitework, and so makes a political matter of it in addition to the plain competitive features. Add to these his astonishing reserves of adaptability and staying power, and an invader has his work cut out.

Yet his market is full of American goods, put there by "invaders" who entered it quietly, sat at the feet of the British public, and got acquainted on a rational business basis.

At least one Yankee has been there since 1862. He is now seventy years old, and known as "the father of the American machine-tool trade." Early in the sixties he began showing our machine-tools in English factories, on the assumption that, though England might be supreme in many fields of machine-building, still we had tools that were desirable. Even then the familiar cry of "Dumping!" was raised. But presently the tools themselves made their own way, and now that pioneer is head of a large London house, with a branch in the North country, and 120 salesmen—all British—selling its goods up and down the United Kingdom.

Another American concern went to England fourteen years ago. Instead of seeking "easy business," and changing managers every three months when it didn't come, this concern established a woodworking factory outside of London to make its heavy goods. That plant was laid out by a Yankee foreman. The British factory inspectors, after going through it officially, privately expressed the wish that more Yankees would come over and show the English how to lay out a factory that, in sanitation and decent working appointments, would need the least inspection—John Bull is always complaining that he has too much. That house, too, has bred competition. But its business grows from year to year, and always will.

Other Americans are doing as well. New ones come in monthly. But the whoop-la! invader of a few years ago is not so conspicuous. Instead, John Bull's market is being entered by the Yankee wise enough to settle down, pay income tax and rates, make his goods in England, sell them through English salesmen. Ideas, administration and profits are American. But the rest is British. And that sort of invasion John Bull is helpless against. For it isn't invasion at all—it is immigration and assimilation.

YOUR SAVINGS

The Bank and the Government

(IV) THE WORK OF THE CLEARING HOUSE

NO MATTER in what part of the United States you may live, you have seen in the newspapers at various times references to the Clearing House and to bank clearings. Sometimes it is stated, "The bank clearings showed a healthy increase and business men are hopeful." In the news of the money market every day there is a statement of the clearings. During the panic last October the actions of the New York Clearing House figured prominently in the news dispatches from that city, because they were the principal preventive of a financial disaster of wider extent.

Thus the Clearing House plays a very important part in the whole big drama of business and finance, and an explanation of its work and its functions should be a part of the education of every investor.

What the Clearing House Is

To begin with, any place which is a central depot where the various details of the same business or activity are settled so as to save time, trouble and expense is a Clearing House. For example, there is one connected with the New York Stock Exchange where the daily sales of stocks are cleared. This means that when a block of stock has been sold six times during the course of the day's business it does not have to go actually to each one of the six purchasers in turn, but to the last. Only the differences in price are paid by the first five buyers.

In every large city there is a Clearing House for the banks where the whole volume of banking business is concentrated for daily settlement. The object of the Clearing House is twofold: it is an institution to expedite the business of banks with each other, and it also acts as a sort of balance-wheel for the whole financial engine, providing a united force which comes to the relief of both the Government and the people in times of panic and stringency.

The scope and work of all Clearing Houses in this country is practically the same. But for the purpose of concrete illustration in this article, the New York Clearing House, which is the largest in the world, and one of the best organized anywhere, will be used.

In the beginning of banking in New York, as in all other places, there were only a few banks. They were located close to each other. When one of these banks had checks or claims against another, it was an easy matter to send a clerk across the street, present the check or claim and get the cash. But the city grew and the number of banks increased. Likewise the distance between them, and the daily amount of business, became larger. The clerks could no longer go from bank to bank each day. Some central place had to be provided where the representatives of all the banks could meet and settle the various business matters between them. This place was the Clearing House, because it became the point where the banks exchanged or cleared the claims between each other.

The Clearing House is simply an association of banks. In the case of the New York Clearing House there are fifty-three, comprising both state and national banks. If a bank wants to become a member it must submit to the same searching scrutiny that an individual who seeks to join a club undergoes. Its moral and financial standing is investigated. The initiation fee depends upon the capitalization. In New York a bank whose capital does not exceed $5,000,000 pays a fee of $5000; if the capital is larger than $5,000,000 the fee is $7500. Some New York banks have paid as much as $10,000 initiation fee. The expenses of the institution are paid by annual assessments. A bank to become a member must have capital and surplus of at least $500,000.

Many banks, and especially trust companies, who do a banking business and which are not members of the Clearing House Association, are able to use its machinery by "clearing," as the phrase goes, through member banks.

The Clearing House system is very simple. In the first place, the average amount of money cleared, or exchanged, each day between the fifty-three banks in the New York Clearing House is $313,537,569. On some occasions this amount has been as great as $690,000,000. Now, if this immense sum of money had to be actually and physically exchanged between the banks each day in the settlement of the various claims they have it would not only need an army of clerks, but it would take a great deal of time and would congest business. Through the medium of the Clearing House this enormous financial transaction is accomplished in less than an hour and requires just five per cent. in actual cash of the whole amount involved, or an average of $12,500,000 a day.

The course of one check will explain the whole system. Suppose you deposit in your bank, which we will call the Twelfth National, a check on the Tenth National Bank given you in payment for something. The receiving teller at your bank credits your account with the amount of the check and then puts it in a pigeonhole marked "Tenth National Bank." In the same rack is a pigeonhole for every other bank in the Clearing House. The problem is to effect a settlement as soon as possible for this check, as well as all the other checks that have had the same experience.

The next day this check, and all other checks received on the day before, are cleared. This is the way of it: at ten o'clock in the morning representatives of every bank in the Clearing House assemble in the clearing-room of the Clearing House Association. New York will again be used. Each bank has a desk which is numbered. Each bank's representative brings in a big leather box containing fifty-two packages, or one for every other member bank. For example, the clerk from your bank will have the check that you deposited the day before in the package marked "Tenth National Bank." On the outside of that package will be the total amount of money represented by checks on the Tenth National inside. Your bank wants this total back, because it has credited its depositors with the sum.

How Checks are Cleared

On the stroke of ten o'clock a gong sounds and the clearing begins. Clerks, called distributing clerks, deposit the various packages on the different desks. Soon each bank's desk holds all the checks against it that were deposited the day before in every Clearing House bank. Each bank owes money or has money coming to it. A settling clerk foots up the totals. The sum of checks which the bank holds against other banks is called its credit exchange. The sum of checks which other banks hold against it is called the debit exchange. The difference between these amounts is the balance or the actual amount of clearing between each bank. It may be debit or it may be credit. At any rate, if there were no Clearing House there would have to be fifty-three transactions. But with the aid of the Clearing House the bank simply pays to the Clearing House, by half-past one o'clock of the day of the clearing, the amount of the total balance with all the banks. The Clearing House then becomes the disbursing agent and pays off the individual balances.

At the end of the clearing each clerk takes back to his bank all the checks drawn on it by its depositors the day before. Each one of these checks goes first to the paying teller, who sees if the signature is

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¶ The only question on which the consumers now seek light is the purity and quality of the different preparations which are offered to them. Is it not sufficient to determine their choice to call attention to the record made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.—128 years of constantly increasing sales; 50 highest awards in Europe and America?—and to the fact that this House has grown to be the largest of its kind in the world; and that it has achieved that result by always maintaining the highest standard in the quality of its cocoa and chocolate preparations and selling them at the lowest price for which unadulterated articles of high grade can be put upon the market?

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right. Then it goes to the bookkeeper to see if the man drawing the check has funds in the bank. If this is all right, the check goes to the depositor's envelope, to wait there until his book is balanced, and then it goes back to the depositor.

If the check is no good it goes straight back to the bank through which it was cleared. This bank is responsible for it.

The checks of banks and trust companies that clear through a member of the Clearing House are included in the package of the member bank, which is responsible for these checks. If the member bank should hear that a bank or trust company for which it clears is in bad shape, it immediately declines to clear further. There was a case of this last October when the National Bank of Commerce announced that it would no longer clear for the Knickerbocker Trust Company. This announcement caused a run on the Knickerbocker which resulted in its suspension a few days later.

The amount of Clearing House exchanges and balances is printed in the newspapers every day. They form a barometer of business. If they are large it is a sign that trade is booming; if they are small it shows that the volume of business is contracting.

But the Clearing House sometimes performs a larger and much more constructive service than clearing bank balances. In time of panic and stringency it stands as a bulwark of credit and is a means of creating confidence.

Here is one way it comes to the aid of business. During a panic money becomes scarce because people, in their alarm, withdraw their deposits from the banks and hoard them. If banks cannot get money they sometimes have to suspend. In their business relations each day the banks use a great deal of cash in settling balances. This, in times of panic, is a further drain on the available money supply.

To remedy this the Clearing House, in such times, issues what are known as Clearing House certificates. In the case of the New York Clearing House they are evidences of credit used only to settle balances between the banks. Their value is in the fact that for each certificate issued a larger amount of good collateral, consisting of stocks, bonds or bills receivable, has been deposited with the Clearing House as security. In other words, it is a loan. Instead of the bank obtaining money on collateral, it gets a symbol of credit in the form of a certificate. There is usually a margin of twenty-five per cent.—that is, if a bank wants $500,000 in certificates, it must deposit $625,000 in collateral. These certificates are issued in denominations of five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred thousand dollars. They are signed by the Loan Committee. The collateral is returned as soon as they are canceled. By means of these certificates the banks are enabled to have a larger amount of working cash.

During the last panic a different kind of Clearing House certificate was issued by the Clearing Houses in Chicago, San Francisco, Pittsburg and St. Louis. They were what might be called asset currency, because they were circulated among all the people as a substitute for real money. They were in many small denominations and were secured by a deposit of collateral with the Clearing House by the various banks using them. In some cities during the recent currency famine manufacturers issued scrip as a substitute for money. They were orders on their banks for sums as small as one dollar.

Frequently in times of money scarcity you see these words stamped on checks: "Payable only through Clearing House." This is just another substitute for payment in money. It means that instead of being able to cash this check over the counter of a bank you have to send it through the Clearing House and get its medium for it, which is credit. This helps to keep down the demand for actual cash.

THE NEW REPORTER

Concluded from Page 14

away into a haze, down a line of men in evening dress and ladies regally attired.

I got a glimpse at the man who held me up. He was crusted with gold. "Name?" he said. I was rattled. "Jim," I replied. "Name, please," he demanded fiercely. I remembered who I was. He turned, pronounced my name and shoved me. When I looked up I was face to face with the President, who smiled at me, said, "So glad!" and grabbed my hand. I noticed when he grabbed my hand he gave me a strong pull. I went past him in a second. He turned to Mrs. Roosevelt, repeated my name, and she nodded and smiled.

I tried to say something, but I couldn't think of anything to say but "Ouch!" for the nudger was behind me, and he had been shot along after me with the usual result. I thought I was to shake hands with Mrs. Roosevelt. When I put out my hand I found I wasn't. That rattled me again, but I managed to look up and saw, stretching away down in front of me, a vista of dignified-looking men and handsome women that seemed to be eleven miles long.

I caught a glimpse of Secretary Wilson's gray whiskers about seven miles down the room and steered for those. All I knew was that I was wandering along in front of this interminable row of dignitaries, who were looking at me with unseeing eyes and bowing automatically. I hove to in front of Secretary Wilson, for I knew him. He shook hands with me, but he gave me the same kind of pull ahead the President had given me, and there, at the end of the line, I saw Secretary Loeb and his pretty wife. The fat lady was just oozing past them, and the nudging man was behind me, stammering to himself, in disjointed sentences, parts of the speech he intended to make to the President.

Loeb nodded, and I swirled past him and out into the vortex of people, dizzy, breathless, and with no impression of the President or any of the line save a sort of blur. I bumped plump into the fat lady and, despite my efforts, I did step on that confounded dress. I didn't seem to have any control over my feet.

"There, you clown," she said, as the jerk of it almost threw her back in my arms; "now I hope you're satisfied."

I wriggled my way into the crowd, got into a corner and began to take stock. It certainly was a fine sight. The room was full of women in evening gowns, and there were more diamonds sparkling there than I ever imagined there were in Washington. The diplomats moved around. The bands played. There wasn't much general sociability. The whole thing resolved itself into little groups, and these groups revolved slowly from one end of the room to the other. Some of them appeared to have a general acquaintance, but I could see that most of them were in the same boat as myself, experiencing their first reception and stunned by the show.

After I had resumed a normal frame of mind and was enjoying the spectacle standing there in my corner, a fellow I know, who has lived in Washington for a good many years, came up and shook hands. He is in the Government service. I asked him if it was a good reception.

"Pretty fair," he said, "although I have seen better. Still, the diplomats make a good glitter and the average crowd is here. That richly-upholstered person is Hengelmüller, the Austrian, and that one next to him is Jusserand, the Frenchman. He wears plain clothes, like you and me, but the rest of this push are mostly out in their full regimentals. That gaudy person is General Morteza Khan, the Persian. You could assay him and get a lot of bullion. Baron Rosen isn't so bad, either, and some of these smaller boys would run as rich as any ore the Mohawk ever produced.

"This reception is in honor of the diplomats, you know, and they let them in the front door and receive them first, in the order of their precedence. If some chap who has been here only a short time should get in ahead of some older one there probably would be an explosion that would sound like the President talking to a convention of undesirable citizens. That bunch over there, in the Blue Room, roped off and watching the rabble with that rather bored and indifferent air, is made up of the specially-invited guests. They herd them by themselves, on the theory, I suppose, that they are a trifle too classy to move around in the mob. They stay after the crowd has gone and get their names in the papers as the folks 'behind the line'."

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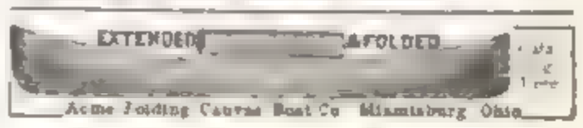

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IS ROOSEVELT A MENACE TO BUSINESS?—By Our Readers

The Innocent with the Guilty

WHETHER Mr. Roosevelt is a menace to business depends altogether upon the character of the business. Without a qualifying adjective, the answer must be Yes and No

So far as business consists of dishonest methods and unlawful gains, the President must be rated a vigorous, vigilant and versatile enemy. By the same token he should be judged the firm friend of all decent activities in the commercial, professional and athletic worlds.

To see one's way clearly to any conclusion is well enough. It is one-half of a leader's qualifications, but the smaller half in times like these. What Mr. Roosevelt enjoys to a superabundant degree is the courage that permits him to give practical reality to his conclusions by initiating reform processes that are demanded by them.

It is always to be regretted that the innocent suffer while the guilty are being punished. As yet, no way has been discovered to concentrate attending consequences upon the head of the evildoer. Possibly this will be remedied in time, but, until then, the innocent must bear their burden as philosophically as may be.

If the President and his ilk are a menace to business, it can be only upon the theory that wicked business shall thrive in order that legitimate business shall not perish. Let us hope that our institutions rest upon a more secure foundation.

MCLANE TILTON JUNOR
Secretary Alabama Bankers' Association.

Warfare, Not Peace, Wanted

MY REASONS for answering the question, "Is Roosevelt a Menace to Business?" in the negative are as follows:

For the same reason that the surgeon uses a knife to remove an abnormal, malignant growth that menaces the life of his patient, President Roosevelt uses his policy of lawfully inflicting merited punishment upon the wrongdoer that the latter's evil influence may be removed from the body politic. If, in doing this, legitimate business becomes temporarily unsettled, the people believe the righteous end to be attained fully justifies the rigorous means employed by President Roosevelt.

No honest business interests need fear President Roosevelt. It is only men who deliberately betray the people; men who appropriate to their own use other people's money deposited with them for safekeeping; men like the Chicago banker now on trial in that city for converting to his own use fourteen millions of trust funds for the purpose of private speculation; such men as the Heinzes and the Thomases, who gamble with and lose other people's money in Wall Street ventures; men who, according to Professor Cooley, of Michigan University, belong to the "debased type of professional politicians"; it is such men as these who have reason to fear the righteous wrath of Roosevelt, and who have raised the "hue and cry" concerning his menacing attitude toward "business."

Was there ever a thief who did not abuse and slander the man who forced him to disgorge his ill-gotten gains or prevented him from continuing his predatory vocation or "business."

As Roosevelt is a menace to dishonest business methods, so is every righteous law which protects the people's interests a menace to the man who would violate or evade that law.

The American people, regardless of party lines, believe in President Roosevelt's sincerity of purpose to promote "the peace, prosperity and honor of our beloved country," as they believe in the certainty of the morrow's sunrise.

It is only the "undesirable citizens" indicated who question his sincerity and who designate his honest efforts to exalt the citizenship and the honor of the nation as "a menace to business." It is such as they who style the recent Wall Street flurry a "Roosevelt panic," when, as a matter of fact, the Roosevelt Administration prevented a widespread financial panic by its timely advance to the money centre of $25,000,000 to tide over the crisis actually produced by their propensity to gamble with sacred trust moneys.

Why ought Roosevelt to be held accountable for the recent panic more than the Governor of New York whose Public Service Commission unearthed so much corruption in New York City; or than Congress or the several State Legislatures that have enacted legislation regulating railroad rates?

Will not the people's interests be better protected by Roosevelt's vigorous warfare against those who betray business confidence, even if that confidence be temporarily disturbed, than if he were to conserve it by a servile acceptance of dishonorable business methods? —EDWARD A. WAGENER
White Plains, New York.

The Servant of the Law

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is in no sense responsible for the flurry in financial circles, either in Wall Street or the country generally. No man who is obeying the law in letter and spirit fears the law. Corporations and firms doing a legitimate business have felt no fear over anything the President has said; his speeches have not been incendiary to them. His name is a synonym for honesty and integrity. He has said that only the malefactors, those who persistently break the law, shall be punished—that the innocent need feel no uneasiness, and they *have* felt none.

The men who were hailed by the subsidized press as the saviors of their country when they brought forward a few shekels to help restore confidence a few days ago are probably the very men who brought on all this trouble in order to recoup themselves, and they, no doubt, were more than successful. A run was started on a New York bank; this bank owned a controlling stock in the Central of Georgia Railroad. In order to fill up their depleted cash drawers and save themselves from financial ruin, they put their railroad bonds on the market at a sacrifice. Harriman bought the bonds and became the controlling force in the management of the road. Harriman does not like the President. He could have had two motives: to hurt the President and his party in the coming election and to gain control of the Central of Georgia Railroad.

The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was owned by the Knickerbocker Trust Company. It was wrecked, and immediately Morgan and Company came into possession of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. Yet Morgan and Company posed as men who were doing their country a great service by coming to the aid of the banks—rescuing a man from a watery grave in order to take the gold from his pockets.

Other instances might be cited to show that the money kings were not performing an unselfish part when they offered to tide the banks over the money stringency. These money pirates knew that, owing to the crop-moving season and much gold being taken out of the country by American tourists, ready money would be scarce, and they took advantage of the situation to make the market panicky for two purposes: to make more money and attempt to put the President in a bad light before the country

Roosevelt is in no way a menace to legitimate business; he has made his position so plain that a wayfaring man and a fool need not be misled. He has not been a menace to business and his love of country will not allow him to be in the future. —E. E. PATTON
Knoxville, Tennessee.

What is Business?

HYPOCHONDRIAC, paranoiac, at best, the business system of the nation took to its bed altogether. Menaced, also, by the doctor, who may do Heaven knows what terrible things. Some even whisper that the crazy fellow is the cause of all the trouble.

One Saturday night, in North Dakota, we retired sober, except for such few as are accustomed to weekly relaxation, and in a good state altogether. The crops were not abundant, but were bringing a fine price, every one who could be begged or made to work at anything had his three dollars a day at least, and no one could ask that things be better.

Monday morning we found there was no money. All toilers, so far as known, stood ready to do as much as before, as to producing goods. All eaters of food and wearers of clothes wished to purchase as much as before, if they only could do it. Farmers had stores of grain, hungry gullets were waiting for bread, as before. But on Monday the business system of the country was paralyzed, and didn't care who knew it, and the grain could not be got into bread, or for that matter anywhere near the baker shops at all

One thing is clear, out of all this mysterious confusion. There is no business in North Dakota, and never was any. Five hundred thousand toilers have worked away, heaping up yearly more wheat than in any other State, getting themselves at last more wealth per capita than in any other State, without transacting any business. This is clear. Nothing here was paralyzed, nothing was menaced by any President, no timid capital had to pause in palpitating fear before it could go on here. The circulation was shut off at the other end, where there is business. The Minneapolis banks could not pay our grain drafts, so we had to stop.

There is said to be now twenty-five million dollars cash in the banks of North Dakota, which is thought abundant Having nothing to do but to raise the most wheat, and sell it, and buy as much goods as anybody, and use them, twenty-five millions is enough. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST tells of one building alone in New York with two hundred and seventy millions in it, besides goodness knows how much else in the regular banks and things. Having business to do there, this is not enough.

The farmers in North Dakota put their money into the banks, which lend and borrow in Minneapolis, which lend and borrow in New York, where the business is. People in North Dakota pay ten per cent. of their produce to the railroads out of the first turn, which is mostly taken to New York.

For there is not enough railroad stock owned in the State to buy the crossing signs. People here send substantial sums continually to New York for life insurance, of which not much comes back, as most of the people are young, and the climate is good, and funerals are not numerous.

Twenty-five millions is enough for us, just to buy and sell, and do our work with. Two hundred and seventy millions, and all the other scores and tens of millions, and all the rest of the money coming in from everywhere, is not enough for business, for business is menaced, and, therefore, convulsed and palpitating. And it cannot pay its debts so that the wheat can be moved.

The affairs of the New York Stock Exchange (which must be business, for they do not seem to have much to do with making goods and selling them) are said to total as much in a year as everything in the whole country is worth in money. This is business. This is not making goods and selling them, but is dealing with what they will be worth in the future. This is where ready money runs short, and panic befalls, and where the circulation is stopped.

The wise physician, having authority, has said that the great men of business should not lend the money of the West and South to office boys, and should publish clearly how the business is done. Here is menace enough to convulse any addle-headed patient, who thinks a beating tumor to be his heart. Had the good doctor only the skill and power to remove this business altogether! So that the money could not all be taken to deal with the things that may be, but left always sufficient and unfailing, to deal with the things that are. —RAY CARROLL
Carpio, North Dakota.

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Sense and Nonsense

Turning Down the Page

Undigested Securities

THESE recent days when banks were found holding collateral, which would have been excellent if only some one had been found willing to buy it, remind one of the story of Jake Sanders and another old-timer of Denver, whom, for purposes of concealment, we will call Joe Micawber.

Joe came to Denver in the early days, made a stake, and proceeded to dissolve the stake in whisky—alcohol not always proving a preservative. When he had gotten well on he frequently waited at the corner by a club-house, which he could no longer enter, and "touched" one or another of his old acquaintances when they dropped around for a before-dinner rest. The consequent investments were, of course, permanent. That afternoon it happened to be Jake.

"I say, Jake," says Joe, "can you let me have ten until day after to-morrow?"

Jake drew from his pocket a roll big enough to swab a three-inch gun with, and peeled off a five-dollar bill. Joe stretched it fondly between his hands for a contemplative moment and said, "I asked you for ten, Jake."

"Well, Joe," says Jake, with insinuating sympathy, "here's where you lose five and I lose five."

In Her Own Country

"The Zulu belle like a prophet is,"
Said punning Tim O'Connor,
"For, in her native land, you see,
She never has much on 'er."

No Raw Material

IT WAS one of the best reporters in New York who, the other night, fell asleep and dreamed a dream. At its start it wasn't an unusual dream; in fact, it was that old dream that nearly every after-dinner speaker springs on you—the one about his dying and going to Heaven. But this dream, at any rate, had an ending all its own.

The reporter, then, dreamed he went to Heaven, and found it not unlike a modern city, except, of course, that it was an ideal city—in every respect but one. The guide assigned the visitor by St. Peter had, knowing the young man's business upon earth, naturally taken him to the local newspaper office, and when the reporter came again before St. Peter he seemed a bit depressed.

"Well," asked St. Peter, "how do you like the place?"

"Very much, as to most things," replied the reporter.

"Most things?" repeated St. Peter. "What's the matter with *some* things?"

"Oh, it's all fine," admitted the newspaper man, "excepting your newspaper. That's well printed and excellently illustrated, I admit, but, man alive, I never saw such poor work as you have in your columns of news! Why, it's the most wretchedly gathered and worst written news I've ever cast my eyes over!"

St. Peter nodded sadly.

"Yes," he said, "that is true. The news is wretchedly gathered and worse written but then, you see, we never get any good reporters up here."

Over Oath and Under

J. THOMAS HEFLIN, a distinguished member of the Alabama delegation in Congress, maintains that his State is the most chivalrous in the country. "Nowhere," he recently remarked, "is this more to be observed than in those least chivalrous of places, the courts of law. Not long ago one of our best-known judges, famed for his severity and his uncompromising loyalty to the traditions of procedure, had to try a case in which one of the witnesses happened to be an actress of no small popularity in the South. It chanced that the nature of her evidence was such that the usual question about her age was not likely to be omitted, so when she came to the stand his Honor told the court-clerk to suspend action for a moment; then, turning to the actress, he demanded:

"'Madam, how old are you?'

"'Twenty-six,' replied the witness, who is thirty-six if she is a day.

"'Very well,' said the Judge politely. 'I asked you that question because, if I hadn't, it would surely have been asked you when the attorney for the defense cross-examined you. And, now that you have told us your age, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?'"

Contact with the Soil

They tell me "contact with the soil" will make
My body strengthen; cause the food I take
To be digested; make my brain grow clear;
Will make me husky as the blithesome steer
That bawls upon the league-wide Texas sward:
That rugged health will be my sure reward.

They tell me "contact with the soil" will give
Me such a hold on life that I shall live
To be a hundred, without ache or pain,
Though oft exposed to frost and sun and rain.
As I am puny, I shall give up toil
And live a while in "contact with the soil."

I've just cub back frob "codtact with the soil":
By every buscle's sorer thad a boil.
I sat dowd od the ground so I could cub
Id closest codtact that was goig sub!
As sood as I -tsh-tschoo!—cad fide the fool
That coaxed be to this dature-faker school,
I'll bake hib thidk I ab ad arby bule!

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

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MY LADY'S HAT

(Concluded from Page 9)

holds them here with their helpless young, which must not be abandoned. An egret may die, but it will not desert its family.

Bill Jones knows all these things. He knows, too, that somewhere, perhaps fifty miles deep in the swamp, there is this great colony of nesting birds. In his sassafras pirogue he pushes on and on along the sluggish bayou, intersecting his aërial trail, passing beyond it, coming back to it. He travels light, living as he does mainly upon the fish and game of the country. Quinine he carries in a large bottle, and some few other things of need. There are poisonous snakes, many things of dread and danger in these unknown swamps. He is, of course, quite alone, for his undertaking does not lend itself to acquaintance. Thus at last he pushes his little boat in through the final hedge of buckbrush and swamp grass and finds himself at the spot he has sought so patiently. Here are the birds, hundreds of them, thousands of them. He lays down his paddle and looks about him, fearful lest he has been followed. He is jealous of his own business success. No, he is alone, except for these ghostly white birds in their holy of holies.

Bill Jones, gaunt and yellow in spite of his quinine, does not at once go to work. Deliberately he sets about making his rude camp, after he has circumnavigated his rookery in part, to assure himself that no one else is there. Pity is not in his soul, of course. He only knows that women like these things on their hats and will pay for them. His little camp is soon arranged. He travels light. In a couple of weeks he will go out still lighter. What wealth he takes will weigh but a few pounds and will be worth more than a hundred dollars an ounce. His little dugout will carry thousands of dollars at that price.

The birds stand about on the trees, waiting for him to begin; but once more he assures himself that he will not be disturbed. Should an intruder appear Bill would rather stop his tongue with a rifle ball than let him go back with the news. This is his own possession, his own prize—this great heronry. For a day or so he circles it deliberately, learning the waterways leading in and out of it, locating the main flight of the birds, preparing for the business soon to follow. It is nothing to him that death is soon to sit over all this devastation of the dead forest. He does not reflect that the horror of desolation came with him in his pirogue—that a skeleton sat in its prow and pointed out his way. Finally, one morning, he finishes his breakfast, takes some more quinine, and pushes his dugout into a clump of brush near the foot of some trees where the nests are thickest.

His weapon is a small rifle, a 22-calibre, almost noiseless. He makes no unnecessary disturbance as he pushes his boat fast into the mud so it will not rock, and stands up, half concealed.

A long-legged male egret is just coming downstairs from the air to his customary roosting limb. He dangles, drops and stands erect, the long white banner of his plumes quite plain. Bill Jones does not miss such a shot. The little rifle just breathes a faint crack. The white bird drops, a tangled heap, on the ooze at the foot of the tree. The muzzle turns steadily to another bird, another. The range is scarcely more than twenty yards, and Bill misses almost not at all. The mud around the foot of the tree grows white. Bill reloads now and then, brushing the sweat out of his eyes. He turns to another tree. Ah, it is the same, it is the same! Soon the dark earth is white again with his harvest of plumes, my lady's plumes—which, I say, I saw redden in that room where many gentle women were the other day.

Forty, fifty, not more than a hundred birds will do for a killing. Bill is a business man and does not propose to frighten the rookery by too much shooting from one spot. He pushes as close to the foot of the trees as he can, reaches out with paddle or pole, to gather in his white and ghostly harvest. As he picks up his egrets, one by one, he makes at the shoulders of each a single cut with his knife, deftly detaching the long white clump of plumes—plumes for my lady's hat. Each tuft he spreads out carefully, so that it may not be crushed or broken. The body of the bird Bill throws away into the mud. The bird is not always dead, but he does not stop to kill it. He scalps off the bunch of plumes and lets it flutter. Slowly the birds gather on the trees, craning their necks to see what he is doing. Bill knows that soon they will settle down again to quiet. All the birds of a country a hundred miles square are nesting here. It is a great find. He has it all for his own.

Bill backs out his boat and drops back to camp to dry and cure his plumage. He knows his trade and works methodically. He eats again, takes more quinine, and, presently, goes back to take up another shooting stand.

But, as he pushes back into the rookery this time, he hears more noise than when he first went in. The voices of young birds begin to creak and croak around him. Young egrets flop to the edge of the rough nests. Some of them fall out clumsily, and Bill laughs at their antics as they flounder in the mud, never to rise again. They may as well fall, for, though now they hunger and begin to cry for their accustomed food—food gleaned many miles away and brought to them faithfully by the parent—there will be no more food. By the next morning the noise will be less at this particular spot. By another day it will practically have ceased at this particular spot. The babies will by then have died—so that women, mothers, may wear feathers in their hats.

Yes, Bill Jones could tell you that for every bunch of the filmy aigrette plumage one or two full-grown and two little herons die—starve, agonize and inevitably and always die. This is the cost of my lady's hats. Do they know this about the baby birds, these women—kindly, lovely women, the most beautiful creatures God has made, as gentle and snow clean in their hearts as—well, say, as these aigrettes lying here?

At his next shooting stand Bill repeats his work of the morning. But I lack heart to repeat the story. Sport is bad enough, even when its price is danger, doubt, courage, hardship, manliness; but this killing of birds on their nests and this incidental murder of their defenseless young—I say it is not even sport through which woman pays for her decorations. She plans that her adornments shall cry out, "Take me!" That is the cry of longing, the cry of home, the cry of life asking life's continuance. But who shall look upon my lady's plumes, knowing whence they came, and not shudder and turn away, seeing the red drip from them and hearing rather the cry of death and despair than that of life and longing?

Day by day, gaunt, yellow, silent, my lady's hired man, my lady's paid slaughterer, my lady's chosen murderer, plies his trade for her. Now, the long lines of white birds, coming and going between the rookery and the marshes grow thin and infrequent. The calling of the dying young birds becomes fainter. The white covering of the swamp floor becomes wider. But the birds first slain are now sinking into the mud stained and discolored. Noisome snakes of the swamps glide about now, a vast, unbearable stench arises, almost more than even my lady's hired man can endure; although he keeps on at his trade for my lady—for woman, sweetest and kindest of all created things, albeit unconsciously the most abominably cruel.

So, at last, with his scores of little bundles of dried plumes, filmy, delicate—the most delicate of all ornaments—Bill leaves the place. The fever of the swamp is in his blood, the stench of it all is in his soul; he is glad his work is done. But he casts no thought behind for the faint chirping of the dying young, dying two and two, two and two, up in the trees: thousands. He gives no thought to the carpet of broken bodies trampled in the mire behind him. He cares not now that the long line of flying birds which once led him to this rookery will never again be seen. He has "shot out" this nesting ground, and he is glad. He exults that he has beaten all the others of his kind and gotten away undetected. Now, if only the hot-tempered planters shall not discover him, all will be well. He pushes out through the bayous stealthily. At last he burns his boat and walks overland thirty miles to the nearest railway station, and so slips north to the great market of my lady's plumes. He will not return. There will be no birds next spring at this spot he has left behind.

Not the most red-handed savage ever butchers thus. Not the cruelest civilized man ever wrought worse cruelty than this, done for Woman, whom every gentleman reverences. The flower of civilization in our country is Woman. All our civilization is reared around her, and because of her and for her. She is builded about and shielded and cared for; she is heaped with all life's easements, is told that all our ideals are framed around her and for her, that we love her and protect her because she is better than we—we who are but men. But no man ever wrought this cruelty save at a woman's word. The thumb of Woman, ignorantly down-turned, has stripped America of its plumage birds, and done so at the cost of a cruelty whose like was never known in any barbarism of the world

On our seacoast men stalk with shotguns, illegally killing gulls for their breast feathers. On the inland lakes men shoot loons for their breast feathers. Grebes, bitterns, ibises rarely now, the least tern still more rarely now, all are slain for this or the other portion of their covering. All over the country the killers shoot little birds to go on my lady's hat. All through far-off tropical forests my lady has naked brown men, armed with blow-guns, stalking and killing birds of blue and green and gold that flit among the tangled trees. There is no corner of the world where this does not go on—no corner, unless where the work has already been done. Florida once swarmed with bright-plumaged birds—the roseate spoonbill, the flamingo, the glossy ibis, all the brilliant and striking curlews and herons, which gave a peculiar tint of warm, half-tropic life to the country. They practically are gone and never will return. It was my lady who killed them. Her hands dabbled in their blood. That blood drips from the plumes on her hat to-day.

Thirty-five *million* skins of birds are imported annually for my lady. One ship not long ago brought from Archangel, in one cargo, ten tons of willow grouse *wings*. Thousands of thousands of neck skins of the black-throated diver come from the same coast for use in muffs and boas. Swallows and little finches, scores of species, are killed not in thousands, but in *millions*, and all these are for my lady's hat.

Were it plumage shed in moulting, were it plumage of birds necessarily killed and used for other purposes, were they beautiful plumes like those of the ostrich which do not mean death to the producer, then we could more readily understand my lady's readiness to use them. Even if there were sport, risk—anything for intermediate motive other than commercialism—one might at least try to forgive the killer who works for woman. But the bulk of plumage worn by women is best and most brilliant in the springtime, at the time of wooing, at the time when life is beginning. Ah, My Lady, being a woman, can you not feel for those bearing young?

"Willy Lou," I said suddenly, as I finished drawing maps of the world in the ice cream on the top of the onyx table, and pointed through the window at the menacing shadow of a great building, one of the products of our proud civilization. "Willy Lou," I said, "an enemy approaches you. He is going to kill you now, when you are young, when—Willy Lou, if you were indeed a mother with a babe in your arms, and if some vast thing of menace smote you down for no real good to the world, what would you and your ghost call aloud to the skies? Tell me! Would not you cry aloud to God that this was *wrong*? Tell me, Willy Lou!"

Cards for Everything

SO THOROUGHLY has the card index or catalogue become a part of modern business that practically no activity is without it. Brides keep the list of presents on cards. Pastors are adopting the card index to keep the names and addresses of their parishioners. Not long ago the complete list of members of the Grand Lodge of Masons of New York was transferred to cards. There are a million names. Owners of stables and kennels keep the records of their animals on cards instead of in books. Writers now keep cards on which they put down "experiences" or "episodes" to be filed away and used for material when they get down to writing.

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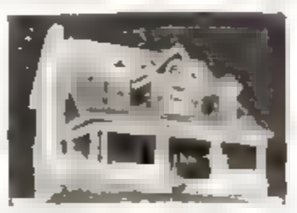
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THE COURTSHIP

(Continued from Page 17)

make her so; but I want you to avoid one mistake. Fight it out right now; and never give back the ground you win."

"I feel that," replied Orde quietly.

"Mother made Father resign from the army; and while he's a dear old boy, he's never done anything since. She holds me—although I see through her—possibly because I'm weak or indifferent, possibly because I have a silly idea I can make a bad situation better by hanging around. She is rapidly turning Kendrick into a sullen little prig, because he believes implicitly all the grievances against the world and the individual she pours out to him. You see, I have no illusions concerning my family. Only Carroll has held to her freedom of soul, because that's the joyous, free, sweet nature of her, bless her! For the first time she's pitted her will against Mother's; and it's a bad clash."

"Your mother objected?" asked Orde.

Gerald laughed a little bitterly. "It was very bad," said he. "You've grown horns, hoofs and a tail overnight. There's nothing too criminal to have escaped your notice. I have been forbidden to consort with you. So has the General. The battle of last night had to do with your coming to the house at all. As it is not Carroll's house, naturally she has no right to insist."

"I shall not be permitted to see her!" cried Orde.

"I did not say that. Carroll announced then quite openly that she would see you outside. I fancy that was the crux of the matter. Don't you see? The whole affair shifted ground. Carroll has offered direct disobedience. Oh, she's a bully little fighter!" he finished in admiring accents. "You can't quite realize what she's doing for your sake; she's not only fighting Mother, but her own heart."

Orde found a note at the hotel asking him to be in Washington Square at half-past two.

Carroll met him with a bright smile.

"Things aren't quite right at home," she said. "It is a great shock to poor Mother at first, and she feels very strongly Oh, it isn't you, dear; it's the notion that I can care for anybody but her. You see, she's been used to the other idea so long that I suppose it seemed a part of the universe to her. She'll get used to it after a little, but it takes time."

Orde examined her face anxiously. Two bright red spots burned on her cheeks; her eyes flashed with a nervous animation, and a faint shade had sketched itself beneath them.

"You had a hard time," he murmured. "You poor dear!"

She smiled up at him.

"We have to pay for the good things in life, don't we, dear? And they are worth it. Things will come right after a little. We must not be too impatient. Now let's enjoy the day. The Park isn't so bad, is it?"

At five o'clock Orde took her back to her doorstep, where he left her.

This went on for several days.

At the end of that time Orde could not conceal from himself that the strain was beginning to tell. Carroll's worried expression grew from day to day, while the animation that characterized her manner when freed from the restraint became more and more forced. She was as though dominated by some inner tensity, which she dared not relax even for a moment. To Orde's questionings she replied as evasively as she could, assuring him always that matters were going as well as she had expected, that Mother was very difficult, that Orde must have patience, for things would surely come all right. She begged him to remain quiescent until she gave him the word, and she implored it so earnestly that Orde, though he chafed, was forced to await the turn of events. Every afternoon she met him from two to five. The situation gave little opportunity for lovers' demonstrations. She seemed entirely absorbed by the inner stress of the struggle she was going through, so that hardly did she seem able to follow coherently even plans for the future. She appeared, however, to gain a mysterious refreshment from Orde's mere proximity, so gradually he, with that streak of almost feminine intuition which is the especial gift to lovers, came to the point of sitting quite silent with her, clasping her hand out of sight of the chance passerby. When the time came to return they arose and walked back to Ninth Street, still in silence. At the door they said good-by. He kissed her quite soberly.

"I wish I could help, sweetheart," said he.

She shook her head at him.

"You do help," she replied.

From Gerald at the club Orde sought more intimate news of what was going on. For several days, however, the young man absented himself from his usual haunts It was only at the end of the week that Orde succeeded in finding him.

"No," Gerald answered his greeting, "I haven't been around much. I've been sticking pretty close home."

Little by little Orde's eager questions drew out the truth of the situation. Mrs Bishop had shut herself up in a blind and incredible obstinacy, whence she sallied with floods of complaints, tears, accusations, despairs, reproaches, vows, hysterics—all the battery of the woman misunderstood, but in which she refused to listen to a consecutive conversation. If Carroll undertook to say anything, the third word would start her mother off into one of her long and hysterical tirades. It was very wearing and there seemed to be nothing gained from day to day. Her child had disobeyed her. And as a climax she had assumed the impregnable position of a complete prostration, wherein she demanded the minute care of an invalid in the crisis of a disorder. She could bear no faintest ray of illumination, no lightest footfall. In a hushed twilight she lay, her eyes swathed, moaning feebly that her early dissolution at the hands of ingratitude was imminent. Thus she established a deadlock which was likely to continue indefinitely. The mere mention of the subject nearest Carroll's heart brought the feeble complaint:

"Do you want to kill me?"

The only scrap of victory to be snatched from this stricken field was the fact that Carroll insisted on going to meet her lover every afternoon. The invalid demanded every moment of her time, either for personal attendance, or in fulfillment of numerous and exacting church duties. An attempt, however, to encroach thus on the afternoon hours met a stone wall of resolution on Carroll's part.

This was the situation Orde gathered from his talk with Gerald. Though he fretted under the tyranny exacted, he could see nothing which could relieve the situation save his own withdrawal. He had already long overstayed his visit; important affairs connected with his work demanded his attention; and he had the comfort of Carroll's love assured; and the lapse of time alone could be depended on to change Mrs. Bishop's attitude, a consummation on which Carroll seemed set. Although Orde felt all the lively dissatisfaction natural to a newly-accepted lover who had gained slight opportunity for favors, for confidences, even for the making of plans, nevertheless he could see for the present nothing else to do.

The morning after he had reached this conclusion he again met Gerald at the gymnasium. That young man, while as imperturbable and languid in movement as ever, concealed an excitement. He explained nothing until the two, after a shower and rub down, were clothing themselves leisurely in the empty couch-room.

"Orde," said Gerald suddenly, "I'm worried about Carroll."

Orde straightened his back and looked at Gerald, but said nothing.

"Mother has commenced bothering her again. It wasn't so bad as long as she stuck to daytime, but now she's taken to prowling in a dozen times a night. I hear their voices for an hour or so at a time. I'm afraid it's beginning to wear on Carroll more than you realize."

"Thank you," said Orde briefly.

That afternoon with Carroll he took the affair firmly in hand.

"This thing has come to the point where it must stop," said he, "and I'm going to stop it. I have some rights in the matter of the health and comfort of the girl I love."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Carroll, frightened.

"I shall have it out with your mother," replied Orde.

"You mustn't do that," implored Carroll. "It would do absolutely no good,

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and would just result in a quarrel that could never be patched up."

"I don't know as I care particularly," said Orde.

"But I do. Think, she is my mother."

Orde stirred uneasily with a mental reservation as to selfishness, but said nothing.

"And think what it means to a girl to be married and go away from home finally without her parent's consent. It's the most beautiful and sacred thing in her life, and she wants it to be perfect. It's worth waiting and fighting a little for. After all, we are both young, and we have known each other such a very short time."

So she pleaded with him, bringing forward all the unanswerable arguments built by the long average experience of the world, arguments which Orde could not refute, but whose falsity to the situation he felt most keenly. He could not specify without betraying Gerald's confidence. Raging inwardly, he consented to a further armistice.

At his hotel he found a telegram. He did not open it until he had reached his own room. It was from home, urging his immediate return for the acceptance of some contracted work.

"To the devil with the contracted work!" he muttered savagely, and, calling a bell-boy, sent an answer very much to that effect. Then he plunged his hands into his pockets, stretched out his legs, and fell into a deep and gloomy meditation.

He was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in!" he called, without turning his head.

He heard the door open and shut. After a moment he looked around. Kendrick Bishop stood watching him.

Orde lit the gas.

"Hello, Kendrick," said he. "Sit down."

The boy made no reply. Orde looked at him curiously, and saw that he was suffering from an intense excitement. His frame trembled convulsively, his lips were white, his face went red and pale by turns. Evidently he had something to say, but could not yet trust his voice. Orde sat down and waited.

"You've got to let my mother alone," he managed to say finally.

"I have done nothing to your mother, Kendrick," said Orde kindly.

"You've brought her to the point of death," asserted Kendrick violently. "You're hounding her to her grave. You're turning those she loves best against her."

Orde thought to catch the echo of quotation in these words.

"Did your mother send you to me?" he asked.

"If we had any one else worth the name of man in the family I wouldn't have to come," said Kendrick, almost in the manner of one repeating a lesson.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Orde, after a moment of thought.

"Go away!" cried Kendrick. "Stop this unmanly contest against a defenseless woman!"

"I cannot do that," replied Orde quietly.

Kendrick's face assumed a livid pallor, and his eyes seemed to turn black with excitement. Trembling in every limb, but without hesitation, he advanced on Orde, drew a short riding-whip from beneath his coat and slashed the young man across the face. Orde made an involuntary movement to arise, but sank back, and looked steadily at the boy. Once again Kendrick hit; raised his arm for the third time; hesitated. His lips writhed. And then, with a sob, he cast the little whip from him and burst from the room.

Orde sat without moving, while two red lines slowly defined themselves across his face. The theatrical quality of the scene and the turgid, rhetorical bathos of the boy's speeches attested his youth and the unformed violence of his emotions. Did they also indicate a rehearsal? or had the boy merely been goaded to vague action by implicit belief in a woman's vagaries? Orde did not know. But the incident brought home to him, as nothing else could, the turmoil of that household.

"Poor youngster!" he concluded his reverie, and went to wash his face in hot water.

He had left Carroll that afternoon in a comparatively philosophical and hopeful frame of mind. The next day she came to him with hurried, nervous steps, her usually pale cheeks mounting danger signals of flaming red, her eyes swimming. When she greeted him, she choked, and two of the tears overflowed. Quite unmindful of the nursemaids across the square, Orde put his arm comfortingly about her shoulder. She hid her face against his sleeve and began softly to cry.

Orde did not attempt as yet to draw from her the cause of this unusual agitation. A park bench stood between two dense bushes, screened from all directions save one. To this he led her. He comforted her as one comforts a child, stroking clumsily her hair, murmuring trivialities without meaning, letting her emotion relieve itself. After a while she recovered somewhat her control of herself, and sat up away from him, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief dampened into a tiny wad. But even after she had shaken her head vigorously at last, and smiled up at him rather tremulously in token that the storm was over, she would not tell him that anything definite had happened to bring on the outburst.

"I just needed you," she said, "that's all. It's just nothing but being a woman, I think. You'll get used to little things like that."

"This thing has got to quit," said he grimly.

She said nothing, but reached up shyly and touched his face where Kendrick's whip had stung, and her eyes became very tender. A carriage rolled around Washington Arch and, coming to a stand, discharged its single passenger on the pavement.

"Why, it's Gerald!" cried Carroll, surprised.

The young man, catching sight of them, picked his way daintily and leisurely toward them. He was, as usual, dressed with meticulous nicety, the carnation in his buttonhole, the gloss on his hat and shoes, the freshness on his gloves, the correct angle on his stick. His dark, long face, with its romantic mustache and its almost effeminate soft eyes, was as unemotional and wearied as ever. As he approached, he raised his stick slightly by way of salutation.

"I have brought," said he, "a carriage, and I wish you would both do me the favor to accompany me on a short excursion."

Taking their consent for granted, he signaled the vehicle, which rapidly approached.

The three, Carroll and Orde somewhat bewildered, took their seats. During a brief drive Gerald made conversation on different topics, apparently quite indifferent as to whether or not his companions replied. After an interval, the carriage drew up opposite a brownstone dwelling on a side street. Gerald rang the bell, and, a moment later, the three were ushered by a discreet and elderly maid into a little square reception-room immediately off the hall. The maid withdrew.

Gerald carefully deposited his top-hat on the floor, placed in it his gloves, and leaned his stick against its brim.

"I have brought you here, among other purposes, to hear from me a little brief wisdom drawn from experience and the observation of life," he began, addressing his expectant and curious guests. "That wisdom is briefly this: There comes a time in the affairs of every household when a man must assert himself as the ruler. In all the details he may depend on the woman's judgment, experience and knowledge, but when it comes to the big crises, where life is deflected into one channel or the other, then, unless the man does the deciding, he is lost forever, and his happiness, and the happiness of those who depend on him. This is abstruse, but I come to the particular application shortly.

"But moments of decision are always clouded by many considerations. The decision is sure to cut across much that is expedient, much that seems to be necessary, much that is dear. Carroll remembers the case of our own father. The General would have made a name for himself in the Army; his wife demanded his retirement; he retired, and his career ended. That was the moment of his decision. It is very easy to say, in view of that simple statement, that the General was weak in yielding to his wife. But a consideration of the circumstances ——"

"Why do you say all this?" interrupted Carroll.

Gerald raised his hand.

"Believe me, it is necessary, as you will agree when you have heard me through. Mrs. Bishop was in poor health; the General in poor financial circumstances. The doctors said the Riviera. Mrs. Bishop's parents, who were wealthy, furnished the money for her sojourn in that climate. She could not bear to be separated from her husband. A refusal to resign then, a refusal to accept the financial aid offered, would have been cast against him as a reproach—he did not love his wife enough to sacrifice his pride, his ambition, his what-you-will. Nevertheless, that was his moment of decision.

"I could multiply instances, yet it would only accumulate needless proof. My point is that in these great moments a man can afford to take into consideration only the affair itself. Never must he think of anything but the simple elements of the problem—he must ignore whose toes are trodden upon, whose feelings are hurt, whose happiness is apparently marred. For, note this: if a man does fearlessly the right thing I am convinced that, in the readjustment, all these conflicting interests find themselves bettered instead of injured. You want a concrete instance? I believe firmly that if the General had kept to his army life, and made his wife conform to it, after the storm had passed she would have settled down to a happy existence. I cannot prove it; I believe it."

"This may be all very true, Gerald," said Orde, "but I fail to see why you have brought us to this strange house to tell it."

"In a moment," replied Gerald. "Have patience. Believing that thoroughly, I have come in the last twenty-four hours to a decision. That this happens not to affect my own immediate fortunes does not seem to me to invalidate my philosophy."

He carefully unbuttoned his frock coat, crossed his legs, produced a paper and a package from his inside pocket, and eyed the two before him.

"I have here," he went on suddenly, "marriage papers duly made out; in this package is a plain gold ring; in the next room is waiting, by prearrangement, a very good friend of mine in the clergy. Personally, I am at your disposal."

He looked at them expectantly.

"The very thing!" "Oh, no!" cried Orde and Carroll in unison.

Nevertheless, in spite of this divergence of opinion, ten minutes later the three passed through the door into the back apartment, Carroll still hesitant, Orde in triumph, Gerald as correct and unemotional as ever.

In this back room they found waiting a young clergyman, conversing easily with two young girls. At the sight of Carroll these latter rushed forward and overwhelmed her with endearments. Carroll broke into a quickly suppressed sob, and clasped them close to her.

"Oh, you dears!" she cried. "I'm so glad you're here!" She flashed a grateful look in Gerald's direction, and a moment later took occasion to press his arm and whisper:

"You've thought of everything! You're the dearest brother in the world!"

Gerald received this calmly, and set about organizing the ceremony. In fifteen minutes the little party separated at the front door amid a chatter of congratulations and good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Orde entered the cab and drove away.

"Oh, it is the best way, dear, after all!" cried Carroll, pressing close to her husband. "A few minutes ago I was all doubts and fears, but now I feel so safe and settled," she laughed happily. "It is as though I had belonged to you always, you old Rock of Gibraltar, and anything that happens now will come from the outside and not from the inside. Won't it, dear?"

"Yes, sweetheart," said Orde.

"Poor Mother, I wonder how she'll take it!"

"We'll soon know, anyway," replied Orde, a little grimly.

In the hallway of the Bishop house Orde kissed her.

"Be brave, sweetheart," said he, "but remember that now you're my wife."

She nodded at him, and disappeared.

Orde sat in the dim parlor for what seemed to be an interminable period. Occasionally the sounds of distant voices rose to his ear and died away again. The front door opened to admit some one, but Orde could not see who it was. Twice a scurrying of feet overhead seemed to indicate the bustle of excitement. The afternoon waned. A faint whiff of cooking, escaped through some carelessly-open door, was borne to his nostrils. It grew dark, but the lamps remained unlighted. Finally, he heard the rustle of the portières, and turned to see the dim form of the General standing there.

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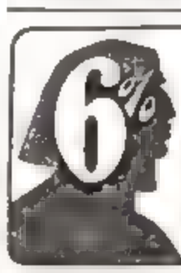

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"Bad business, bad business," muttered the old man. "It's very hard on me. Perhaps you did the right thing. You must be good to her. But I cannot countenance this affair. It was most high-handed, sir!"

The portières fell and he disappeared.

Finally, after another interval, Carroll returned. She went immediately to the gas-fixture, which she lit. Orde then saw that she was sobbing violently. She came to him and for a moment hid her face against his breast. He patted her hair, waiting for her to speak. After a little she controlled herself.

"How was it?" asked Orde, then.

She shivered.

"I never knew people could be so cruel," she complained, in almost a bewildered manner. "Jack, we must go to-night. She—she has ordered me out of the house, and says she never wants to see my face again." She broke down for a second. "Oh, Jack! She can't mean that! I've always been a good daughter to her. And she's very bitter against Gerald. Oh, I told her it wasn't his fault; but she won't listen! She sent for that odious Mr. Merritt—her rector, you know—and he supported her. I believe he's angry because we did not go to him! Could you believe such a thing! And she's shut herself up in her air of high virtue; and underneath it she's, oh, so angry!"

"Well, it's natural she should be upset," comforted Orde. "Don't think too much of what she does, now. Later, she'll get over it."

Carroll shivered again.

"You don't know, dear, and I'm not going to tell you. Why," she cried, "she told me that you and I were in a conspiracy to drive her to her grave so we could get her money!"

"She must be a little crazy," said Orde, still pacifically.

"Come, help me," said Carroll. "I must get my things."

"Can't you just pack a bag and leave the rest until to-morrow? It's about hungry-time."

"She says I must take every stitch belonging to me to-night."

They packed trunks until late that night, quite alone. Gerald had departed promptly after breaking the news, probably without realizing to what a pass affairs would come. A frightened servant, evidently in disobedience of orders and in fear of destruction, brought them a tray of food, which she put down on a small table, and hastily fled. In a room down the hall they could hear the murmur of voices where Mrs. Bishop received spiritual consolation from her adviser. When the trunks were packed, Orde sent for a baggage wagon. Carroll went silently from place to place saying farewell to such of her treasures as she had made up her mind to leave. Orde scribbled a note to Gerald, requesting him to pack up the miscellanies and send them to Michigan by freight. The baggage man and Orde carried the trunks downstairs. No one appeared. Carroll and Orde walked together to the hotel. Next morning an interview with Gerald confirmed them in their resolution of immediate departure.

"She is set in her opposition now; and at present she believes firmly that her influence will separate you. Such a state of mind cannot be changed in an hour."

"And you?" asked Carroll.

"Oh, I," he shrugged, "will go on as usual. I have my interests."

"I wish you would come out in our part of the country," ventured Orde.

Gerald smiled his fine smile.

"Good-by," said he. "Going to a train is useless, and a bore to everybody."

Carroll threw herself on his neck in an access of passionate weeping.

"You *will* write and tell me of everything, won't you?" she begged.

"Of course. There now, good-by"

Orde followed him into the hall.

"It would be quite useless to attempt another interview?" he inquired.

Gerald made a little mouth.

"I am in the same predicament as yourselves," said he, "and have since nine this morning taken up my quarters at the club. Please do not tell Carroll; it would only pain her."

At the station, just before they passed in to the train, the General appeared

"There, there," he fussed. "If your mother should hear of my being here it would be a very bad business—very bad. This is very sad; but—well, good-by, dear; and you, sir, be good to her. And write your daddy, Carroll. He'll be lonesome for you." He blew his nose very loudly and wiped his glasses. "Now, run along, run along," he hurried them. "Let us not have any scenes. Here, my dear, open this envelope when you are well started. It may help cheer the journey. Not a word!"

He hurried them through the gate, paying no heed to what they were trying to say. Then he steamed away and bustled into a cab without once looking back.

When the train had passed the Harlem River and was swaying its uneven way across the open country, Carroll opened the envelope. It contained a check for a thousand dollars.

"Dear old daddy!" she murmured. "Our only wedding present!"

"You are the capitalist of the family," said Orde. "You don't know how poor a man you've married. I haven't much more than the proverbial silver watch and bad nickel."

She reached out to press his hand in reassurance. He compared it humorously with his own.

"What a homely, knotted, tanned old thing it is by yours," said he.

"It's a strong hand," she replied soberly. "It's a dear hand." Suddenly she snatched it up and pressed it for a fleeting instant against her cheek, looking at him half-ashamed.

(THE END)

An Official Trustee

THE trust company is an American institution so far as development goes, and largely in principle. The idea of a public trustee, governed by laws like those regulating banks, and supervised by the State, taking charge of property for either the dead or the living, has been taken up in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and a few other countries; but the United States has more of these institutions than the rest of the world combined—the total being nearly 2000.

In England the administration of estates and trust funds has long been left in private hands. When a man makes his will there he names a friend or two to carry out its provisions. Safe execution depends partly on wise selection, partly on luck. Two or three companies working under the same laws that govern private trustees have been established in the United Kingdom. But they play no such part in fiduciary affairs as does the American trust company.

Now, however, John Bull has taken steps to render to small estates much the same service he renders small savers through his post-office banking department. A new government official known as the Public Trustee has lately opened shop in London. His integrity is guaranteed by the British Government, and his office is a part of it. He will act as sole trustee, joint trustee or custodian trustee. He can be appointed executor under a will, or to administrate a bride's dowry under her marriage contract. He will advise private trustees already in charge of estates, or relieve them of their responsibilities, and offers to manage an estate and act as custodian of its investments and securities, or will merely act as custodian where private trustees attend to management. His powers to invest are not limited to specified securities, but will be controlled chiefly by the directions of the testator or beneficiaries of an estate. Where private trustees cannot agree he will act as arbitrator.

If a person dies without making a will, the Public Trustee will act as administrator at the request of the next-of-kin, while his services and advice are at the disposal of building societies, friendly societies and all other mutual bodies having capital in trust.

Branches for the transaction of these functions are to be established in provincial centres throughout Great Britain wherever needed, and the service will be paid for in fees charged against each estate, to be as moderate as possible. The Public Trustee will make no profit, and his office is to be as free as possible from routine, delay and red tape. No matter who a caller may be, he is to receive personal attention, and next to the expedition of fiduciary matters, and keeping them out of the law courts, the keynote of the office is to be personality.

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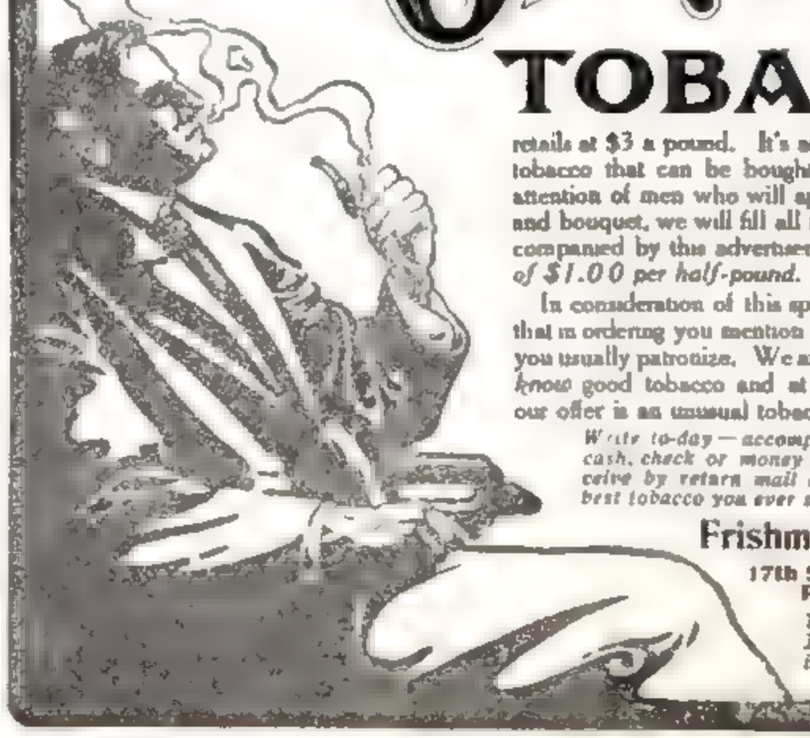

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A CURB ON CORPORATION ABUSES

(Concluded from Page 5)

whistle, while a resident of Elmira demanded an investigation of the Pullman Company because the berth in a sleeper on which he had traveled the night before was so small that he had to sleep "with his knees doubled up." That car, by the way, was ordered retired from the service because it was found to be defective.

Indicative of the use of the commission's power was a complaint by the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, which shows that the corporations are taking advantage of the new law. The railroad complained that a shipper at Poughkeepsie had shipped two boxes of dynamite to a customer at Kingston, and had labeled it "hardware." The railroad declared that such a procedure was a menace to the life of its employees and its property. The commission promptly investigated and got from the shipper a promise not to do it any more.

Among the freak complaints was one from a man in New Rochelle, who insisted that the commission order the firing of Roman candles on the rear platform of every train during its trip. He argued that this would prevent rear-end collisions. The commission declined to establish a constant pyrotechnical display on the railroads.

Maintaining Franchise Rights

A man who lived on Sixth Avenue in New York complained to the commission that he could not sleep on account of noise on the elevated. On investigation it was found that the noise was due to blasting in the subway, which was ordered stopped.

One of the common examples of the abuse of power by public service corporations lies in the fact that they often exceed the authority given them by the franchises under which they operate. On the other hand, they frequently do not live up to their franchise obligations. To remedy and keep a check on this the Public Service Commission has ordered all corporations to file copies of their franchises, certificates of incorporation, certificates of capital stock, and, in fact, all documents which give them rights, powers, life and authority. By means of the information thus obtained may be solved some very vexing problems, such as transfer disputes, the right of companies to make their passengers "take the car ahead," and the price of fares. These franchise records are open to any citizen.

The benefits to the people are many. One day last December a man walked into the franchise bureau of the commission for the first district. "I am a resident of Tottenville, Staten Island," he said, "and I should like to see the franchise of the electric lighting company which operates there."

"What do you want to find out?" asked the lawyer in charge.

"Simply this," replied the man. "I am the pastor of the Baptist church in Tottenville. I have been informed that the lighting company got its franchise on the understanding that it should furnish light free to the town hall, the school and the churches, and that it is so stated in the franchise. For years my church has been compelled to pay for its light."

The franchise was on file, and, sure enough, it stipulated that the church was to receive its light free of charge. The commission ordered the company to restore the money paid in for light, and to continue to provide it free of charge.

The next day a pastor at Westfield, which is not far from Tottenville, came in with a similar complaint and got the same relief.

The Public Service Commissions are also establishing a censorship over new capitalization and, in this way, exercising a real stewardship over the investments of the people.

The Censor of New Capitalization

Every issue of stocks and bonds by a public service corporation or a railroad must be approved by the commission. In this way there can be no watering, because capitalization must be based on actual investment, and not on earning power or some other problematical thing. All mergers of corporations must be approved by the commission.

Here is the way the new order of things works out. The Newburgh Light, Heat and Power Company applied to the Public Service Commission for the second district for permission to increase its capital stock from five hundred thousand to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The increase was to be in the form of eight per cent. cumulative preferred stock. The company contended that, on account of the financial stringency, it was necessary to make the securities very attractive, in order to find a market. The commission declined to approve the stock issue on the ground that the creation of this new permanent fixed charge would work a hardship on the community, and was, therefore, not justifiable.

The Lockport Gas and Electric Light Company and the Economy Light, Fuel and Power Company filed application for permission to transfer its properties and franchises to the Lockport Light, Heat and Power Company. In other words, it wanted to consolidate under a new name. The proposed capitalization of the new company was twelve hundred thousand dollars. The total capitalization of the two old companies was seven hundred thousand dollars. The commission granted permission for the consolidation, but stipulated that the capital stock of the new company should be limited to seven hundred thousand dollars. This decision, limiting the amount of the capital stock, was in accordance with the provisions of the Public Service Law, which specifies that the capital stock of the corporation, formed by the merging or consolidation of two or more corporations, shall not exceed the par value of the original capital stock of the companies consolidated.

Compelling Honesty

This case is very important, not only by reason of the action with regard to restricted capitalization, but also because the newly-organized company was compelled to file with the commission an agreement in writing that the prices now charged for gas, electricity and power in the city of Lockport should not be raised, as a result of the merger, save with the consent of the commission.

This action of the commission means that hereafter corporations cannot merge and let the consumer pay for the merging in increased rates for service.

The commission has gone a step further and ordered all gas and electric companies to file records of their stock holdings in other gas and electric companies. This will prevent the formation in the future of unlawful holding companies.

Summed up, this censorship of securities means that a new force is at work in the interest of the investing public; that hereafter when stocks and bonds of railroads and public service corporations in New York are issued, they will have behind them the guarantee of the Public Service Commission that they have met all requirements and are honest.

Thus, within five months, the Public Service Commission has shown that it can grapple with the big problems that confront it. Organization has been effected and reforms instituted. Now, for the first time in the history of New York, there is a Power bigger than the railroads and the corporations.

No one has been quicker to realize this force than the railroads and corporations themselves, and their ready compliance with orders is significant of the new régime.

The Big Silent Partner

But the task has just begun. The work planned by the commission for the first district includes the building of what will be known as the Fourth Avenue Subway in Brooklyn, which will cost twenty-three million dollars, and which will do for Brooklyn what the present subway does for Manhattan; the eliminating of the Brooklyn Bridge crush; the constant watch over and improvement of all transit facilities in New York City. Before the commission for the second district is the regulation and control of all steam-railroad traffic, together with the protection of both passenger and shipper. For both commissions is the scrutiny of capitalization; the supervision of gas and electric-lighting service, and, first and last, the safeguarding of the rights of the people.

This work is not for the people of New York alone. Its successful working out along every line means a precedent for every other State. For in every other American commonwealth there exist some of the evils and abuses of corporate power which New York is now seeking to remedy. Already Wisconsin has a Public Utilities Board, and the last Legislature of Connecticut passed a public service act, based on the one now in effect in New York. The way has been pointed to a final working out of the whole large case of the people against the corporations.

As a member of the commission for the second district recently said:

"Hereafter there will be a big silent partner in every public service corporation in New York, and that partner will be the public."

HYPNOTISM THAT DID NOT HYPNOTIZE

(Concluded from Page 7)

of his family peace. His wife was one of those rarely-found women who realize that no house is large enough for two families. This friend had for a butler a German, a young man whom I had treated for the liquor habit. He was one of the most plastic subjects I have ever handled.

One fatal day this friend asked me to dine with him and his wife—and incidentally meet his mother-in-law. The latter had, it seems, been a few days with him, and home wasn't what it used to be. This good, but interfering, woman had had my name dinned into her ears so constantly that she had come to dislike me. She had no faith in hypnotism, and ridiculed the subject and every one connected with it.

During the dinner the subject was purposely brought up, and mother-in-law let loose her tongue. I came in for a good share of its volubility. The butler entered, carrying a roast on a large china platter. As he approached the talking woman I said:

"Bruno! You are a dog! Down! down, Mopsie!"

The crash of the dish on the floor, the spilling of the sauce and the ominous growl of the German dog as he made a grab with his jaws for the roast, caused the astonished woman to leave her chair. The movement disturbed the dog, and as he prowled around the table, snapping at the now terrified woman, a picture was produced that cannot here be given. I have not the ability.

She started out of the room, but faithful "Mopsie" was told to watch the exit, which he did with growls and wagging body in lieu of a tail.

The poor woman tried to pass, but the German dog only growled the fiercer. The now pale and really frightened woman turned to her daughter and fairly screamed: "Let me out of this awful place, Emily; let me out, let me out! If I ever get out of this demon's hole I'll never set foot in it again."

"Mopsie" was returned to his normal state, and Bruno was again ready to serve dinner. The wonderstruck woman pulled her skirts close around her to avoid any chance contact with the fiend within me. The daughter departed with her mother.

My friend passed out a decanter of sherry and silently we drank a toast.

Early the next morning mother-in-law took her departure. As she viciously closed the carriage door she sullenly remarked to the daughter:

"Uh! But I'm glad to get out of that place. Emily, I can smell the sulphur on your clothes."

Of course the affair got to the club, and the number of invitations—well, it is not a square deal to the other part of our homes to tell more.

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Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

Pacific Oysters

IT IS not true, as recently stated in the public prints, that an effort is to be made to propagate the Atlantic oyster in the neighborhood of Vancouver. Exhaustive experiments have proved that the Eastern bivalve will not breed on the Pacific Coast, owing to the low temperature of the water.

Ten years ago the United States Fish Commission sent a carload of Chesapeake oysters to the State of Washington and planted them in Willapa Bay. Three years later all of them had disappeared, the supposition being that they were simply raked up and shipped to market, never getting a chance to breed. Nobody knows to this day who did the dreadful deed. But since that time Atlantic oysters have been planted in many places along the Pacific Coast, from Puget Sound southward, and have thrived.

Unfortunately, though they do thrive, they fail to breed, for the reason above mentioned. Unless the water rises to a temperature of at least seventy degrees during a few weeks in summer, the Atlantic oyster will not reproduce its species.

For a number of years past large consignments of oysters of small size have been shipped annually from the East to San Francisco and planted in the bay. There they grow and fatten satisfactorily, and eventually find a profitable market. But, save in a small way, they do not breed. It is merely for such a purpose that some carloads of the bivalves have recently been established in beds in the vicinity of Vancouver. Not the slightest notion is entertained that they will multiply.

Because of the temperature limit, the Atlantic oyster is not found north of the St. Lawrence River. From that point its habitat extends all the way to the West Indies and the coast of Mexico, save only for a gap of 1000 miles or so, following the shore line, from Cape Breton southward to Cape Cod. Throughout this distance oysters do not occur except in two places, Sheepscot Bay, Maine, and Great Bay, New Hampshire, in neither of which do they exist in commercial quantities.

Uses of Alcohol

INVENTION has even extended to a device for warming the baby's bottle by vaporized alcohol. There seems, in fact, to be no end to the uses to which the fluid may be put. One of its greatest advantages is that it will stand twice as much heat as gasoline without exploding. On this account it is much safer for inexpert persons, and particularly for women, to handle.

Under the new law, the farmer may possess his own private alcohol-making outfit, put together on a small scale at trifling expense, and by its help may convert his potato peelings and other vegetable refuse into fuel for running the engine which operates his corn-sheller, grinds the feed for his stock, runs the churns in his dairy, and pumps the water required to supply his dwelling. For such purposes gasoline is already extensively employed on farms, especially in the Middle West; but denatured alcohol will be much cheaper, safer and more convenient.

What might be described as one of the curiosities of denatured alcohol is a tiny briquette, cubical in shape and colored green. Such briquettes are put up in small tin boxes, 100 or more to a package, and are intended to be used as fuel for lamps. If, for example, a lady happens to be traveling, she may actually make a little fire by this means in her berth, or heat a cup of something good to drink. Or, at home, for a variety of purposes, she may find it convenient to resort to a similar expedient.

Perhaps she may wish to warm the baby's milk. In the middle of the night the ordinary arrangements for cooking are not easily accessible, but, with a can of preserved heat at hand, so to speak, it is the work of only a minute or two to get the fluid ready. For the nursery or for the sick-room nothing could be more admirable. One little cube makes one fire, burning plenty long enough to warm a small vessel of soup or gruel. It furnishes, of course, a very high temperature.

When the task is done it is the easiest thing in the world to extinguish the flame by inverting a tumbler over the lamp, whereupon what remains of the stuff quickly cools, and almost immediately returns to the solid form. It has a consistency somewhat like that of calf's-foot jelly, the alcohol being solidified by combining it with animal gelatine. One might probably become intoxicated by eating a quantity of it, but to try would not be desirable, inasmuch as it is decidedly poisonous. For the very purpose of rendering it less inviting it is colored green.

Corn Without Cobs

THERE is a variety of sweet corn, especially popular in the South, which is known rather picturesquely as the "country gentleman." It does not appear in the market until rather late in summer, and is always in great demand. Besides having a rather peculiar and delicious flavor, it is remarkable for coblessness. That is to say, the grains, which are set very close together, are so long that, when an ear has been eaten, there is very little cob left.

There is no point in which corn varies more strikingly than in the relation of grain to cob, compared in respect to weight. The "country gentleman" is what the experts call a "high-percentage" corn—perhaps the highest percentage known. It is in this direction that they are trying at the present time to proceed in the experimental breeding of the cereal, the effort being, in a word, to reduce the size of the cob as much as possible, while augmenting the bigness of the grains it bears.

Long (that is, deep) grains, set closely on the cob, mean a high-percentage corn. To get rid of the cob altogether is out of the question, obviously, inasmuch as the grains must have something to grow upon. But, as proved by the example of the "country gentleman" variety, it is entirely practicable to reduce the diameter of the cob to one-half that of the stripped ear.

Indian corn is one of the most curious plants in the world. The so-called "silk" is the pistils of the female flowers—each one of its strands a tiny tube which communicates with an egg-case on the cob. In each egg-case is an ovule, which only awaits fertilization in order to develop into a perfect grain. This fertilization is accomplished by a particle of pollen from the male flower (the tassle), which gets into the end of the silken tube, develops there, and throws out a thread that runs through the tube to the egg-case.

Each ear is clothed in a garment of green, which is composed of leaves suitably modified for the purpose. Originally each individual grain was contained in a little husk; but the ancient Mexicans, who first domesticated corn, thousands of years ago, knew something about plant-breeding themselves, and doubtless selected accidental specimens devoid of these husks for purposes of propagation.

Optics in Painting

IN ORDER to avoid undesirable chemical mixtures, a few painters nowadays resort to the rather interesting expedient of putting little dabs of different colors alongside of each other (instead of combining them) in such a way as to produce the requisite optical effect when the picture is viewed from a distance. In other words, reliance is had in the principles of optics, the tints being fused by the eye.

Incidentally to the scientific examination of a valuable picture, resort is sometimes had nowadays to the expedient of cutting from one of its edges a tiny strip about a millimeter in width and a couple of inches long, which is thereupon divided into a number of smaller pieces for microscopic examination. When one of these pieces is placed beneath the microscope it may be observed in cross section, the touches made by the painter appearing in parallel bands laid on in chronological order. "By this means," says Doctor Lemaire, "we learn the nature, the make-up, and even the age of the several layers of the painting."

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What the People Owe Railroads

(Concluded from Page 11)

practice for railroads to contribute to Government experiment stations.

An industrial department is maintained by most railroads. This determines what industries may be profitably established at given points. Manufacturers in the older States go to this department for their information before investing money in new ventures. Thus industrial establishments are planted all along the railroads, and then communities spring up around them.

Old Europe has always contributed her millions for the construction of American railroads, and even now is a large holder of railway securities. Old Europe also contributes largely of the muscle, brain and brawn necessary to the development of the new country. The most progressive lines have inaugurated recently an extensive campaign for the attraction of a desirable element of European immigration. The company disseminates information in all European languages, thereby adding to the volume of homeseekers in America.

The railroads have always coöperated with the Government Department of Agriculture and with State agricultural colleges in spreading the latest and most authoritative knowledge as to how best to develop the resources of the new country. One railroad system, for example, has a commissioner of agriculture and horticulture with a car especially equipped with an agricultural and horticultural demonstration outfit. He travels continuously all over the country, giving lectures on agricultural subjects to the new settlers, instructing them in the propagation of new kinds of products. Special trains with new seed have been sent over the country free of cost to the settlers; high-class thoroughbred stock has also been carried free in order to facilitate the improvement of the herds in the new country. New lines of agricultural products have been introduced by the railroads, and the markets made for them. This has notably been the case by the introduction of Durum, or so-called macaroni wheat, in the semi-arid sections of the country, which were supposed to be entirely unfit for agriculture, and where, by new methods of farming and the introduction of suitable lines of crops, millions of acres of grain have been added to the productive area of such States as Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. The introduction of new forage plants, such as Kaffir corn, Milo maize and alfalfa, from distant parts of the world, must be credited to the railroads, which are constantly studying how to make all the territory along their lines productive. The beet sugar industry in the arid sections of the country has been stimulated chiefly by experiments made at the suggestion and under the direction of railroad companies. The creamery and dairy industry along many of the Western lines has been stimulated by the railroads in establishing stations for the shipment of cream along their lines of central creamery plants. In short, the modern railroad management coöperates with its patrons in every possible way.

One of the greatest benefits which the railroad brings to the people along the line is in opening the way for highly-profitable crops to supplant the coarser and less profitable ones. The man in a good fruit or truck country, who has to haul his products a long distance to a railroad, can only grow the coarse or "staple" crops. But when the railroad comes within seven or eight miles of his place he can take up truck, fruit and garden farming, and often make as much net profit from a five-acre patch as he has formerly been able to make from his whole farm of 40, 80 or even 160 acres. I have repeatedly seen this done in Texas, in Oklahoma and in many other Western States. In fact, it is a common experience wherever a new road taps a section of country adapted to fruits or garden delicacies. An old German in Oklahoma once said to me: "I raised good grain crops before the railroad came, and I raise them now; but now my wife makes more from her garden and her chickens than I used to make before from the whole farm. The railroad did it."

There are millions of acres of fertile soil, capable of producing the richest fruit and truck crops, which are to-day fallow and useless for that purpose because those crops, naturally delicate and perishable in nature, will not stand long hauling and, therefore, cannot be carried to a market. For years, for example, the land at Kingsville, Texas, was used for cattle grazing and nothing else. A railroad came there and truck gardens drove out the steers. In that town alone, only two years after the opening of the road, 23 growers made a net profit of $17,500 from 92 acres of vegetables, an average of $760 per grower and $190 per acre. This experience is repeated, in various degrees, wherever a railroad goes into a country adapted to intensive farming.

And the railroad in these days does not stop at furnishing a way to get produce to market; it uses its organization to find and create more and better markets for the producer. To get the producer and consumer together is as much a part of modern railroad management as is the running of trains; it is handled in a systematic manner and as a matter of regular routine.

THE REIGN OF REGINA

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Oh, yes," said I cheerfully, "and have you notified the police?"

"The police are a set of thick-headed asses," he remarked shortly.

"Not all of them," I went on brightly. "Sergeant Gay is very smart indeed. I'll call, if you like, on my way home."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Rex hastily. "I'll see 'em myself if I think it's any good. I don't at present."

"Have bills posted all over the town," I suggested with a side glance at Elaine; "inquire at all the railway stations."

"Your suggestions are the most futile I have ever heard." Rex was getting warm, and forgetting to be polite.

Elaine was visibly brightening.

"Rex, dear," said I gently, "I am full of sympathy, though I seem so heartless. To lose that dear, pretty, good little girl—so promising, too! Why not go straight to the child's home and inquire?"

Elaine gasped, but I was sure of him now.

"I'm hanged if I will!" he cried.

I rose and said good-by, and Elaine squeezed my hand gratefully as she said good-by. "He's glad," she whispered. "Oh, Molly, he's glad, too."

I smiled. Rex let me out and apologized in the hall for his rudeness.

"The fact is," he said shamefacedly, "I wouldn't let mother and Elaine know it, but it's been rather a re——"

"Rather a relentless blow," I murmured wickedly; "of course it has, Rex."

He laughed and colored.

"She's an awful little prig," he said.

"She'd have made a better man of you, Rex, in no time," I murmured softly.

"Molly," he cried earnestly, "I assure you that, when Miss Green came in and told me that Queenie had cleared off with everything she could lay her hands on, I felt more thankful than I've ever felt in my life. The thought of the future was growing too appalling."

I said nothing, but watched with fascinated eyes the front door slowly opening.

Rex went on earnestly, for his back was toward the door: "I came home, Molly, and sat down on the first chair and said to myself that it was too good to be true."

"Look at the front door," said I softly. He wheeled smartly round with amazed, alarmed eyes.

In the doorway, clinging to the lintel, stood a little weary figure in a ragged red frock. There was no hat on her shaggy, black head, and she paddled across the hall with dusty bare feet and caught Rex's hand with a sob.

"They come an' took me 'ome," she said, "'an tied an 'ankercher round my mouth so as I wouldn't yell. But I'm not going to stop along of them. I've walked every step of the way ——"

Poor Rex looked wildly from her to me, then back again. The joy of life faded out of his face before my very eyes.

"I'm never goin' to leave you no more," Regina said cheerfully, and we saw that she meant it.

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